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Poetry.

A JULY WARBLE.

I.

Now glows
The sun with ardor fierce in cloudless skies;
The air's ablaze;
The bovine brevi me harassed by the flies
Where'er they graze,
And so's
The man who has a bald and shining pate,
These torrid days;
For down his skull the playful insects skate
And tickle off his nose.

II.

To-day
The Sunday school excursion boards the train
For grove or lake;
The cheery flies with many a thrilling strain
The echoes wake.
All gay
The children are—alas for human joy!
Their hearts will ache;
For thunder showers ere evening will destroy
Their beautiful array.

III.

Delight
Comes with the eve when Sol his face has hid
Behind the hill,
And in the dewy grass chirps katydid,
And orcole and rill
The bright
And beaming face of Cynthia display,
And Jack and Jill
Swing on the garden gate from twilight gray
Until the noon of night.

IV.

Well spent
His hours are in these sweltering torrid times
Who just keeps cool,
Who, caring not how high the mercury climbs
(Unlike the fool
From this poison,
Which shall
Is to make worse what can't be better made),
Takes his camp stool
And sits beneath his vine and fig-tree's shade,
And drinks his one per cent.

—*Boston Courier.*

Our Story Teller.

DECEBAL'S DAUGHTER.

BY

CARMEN SYLVA.

(H. M. The Queen of Roumania.)

"Take the box on your shoulders, Fausta—it will not spoil your proud Roman neck to bend under the weight of Dacian treasures."

So spoke Andrada, the tall and graceful daughter of Decebal, who—majestic in her cream-white robe—lifted the heavy coffer in her finely moulded vigorous arms as if it had been but a light load, and placed it on the shoulders of the slight Fausta. The supple form of the latter—trouged by the sun—trembled with anger and concentrated vengeance; while the curls of black hair bound back by a fillet from her narrow forehead had the air even of wishing to revolt against Andrada's exactions; and her glittering dark eyes shot forth sparks of anger, as she ground her teeth in suppressed rage.

But Andrada seemingly took no heed of these rebellious signs; stately and majestic, she glanced at the Roman maiden, whose stature she exceeded by the head and neck, and with a movement of impatience flung back the loose tresses of her hair. With an imperious gesture she called to a man who was passing along, driving before him a band of Roman prisoners in chains. "When are they they to be burned?" asked she.

"When you have given the order to your women," replied he.

Andrada fixed her eyes on the plain below; but for an instant they shone with exuberant joy, as if the sun were reflected therein—then, under the arch of her frowning eyebrows, the expression changed to one of sombre and dull anger.

"Let them wait," said she, dismissing the man with a movement of her head. "Come, Fausta; get down to the river and bury the coffer in the pit hollowed out for that purpose in the river's bed—the men there will help you."

"What good is there in hiding the treasure," asked the girl with quivering lips, "since the Romans are always vanquished?"

"Twice, in truth, has my father been the victor, but the third time we shall succumb."

"Ah! then it will be you who will have to carry the burdens in Rome, as I do here!" said Fausta mockingly, as she directed her steps towards the river.

"*Never!*" cried Andrada.

"We shall see as to that," murmured the Roman maiden, and her white teeth shone between her tightened lips.

Fausta was not far on her way when she encountered the young Dacian, Bicilis, who grew red with anger as he saw her bending under the weight of her heavy load.

"Leave it where it is, Bicilis," said she; "it does not hurt my shoulders so very much."

"It hurts the shoulder and the heart as well—mine, at least," replied he, as he took down the coffer and gave it to a Roman prisoner to carry.

"Andrada has no feeling," cried he; "how can she torture you so cruelly?" At these words hot tears streamed from Fausta's eyes.

"I wish I were dead," said she. "If you love me, Bicilis, put an end to my misery—take your sword and kill me now!"

"Instead of that I will raise you to the level of a queen," said he, "and Andrada shall have to bathe your feet, like a servant."

"Bicilis, they are coming. Shall you be faithful to me when Trajan is here?"

"You saw at Turnu the piles driven into the Ister (Danube) to form a bridge for the legions to pass the stream in safety? I would lay my body down across your little feet for the Romans to walk over!" Saying these words he folded his arms around the slender waist of the young girl, who for a moment allowed herself to be pressed to his heart; but catching sight of Andrada advancing in the distance, she escaped from him, and continued her way towards the river. The course of the water had been turned so as to excavate a deep fosse, destined to hold the treasures which the Dacians would not have to confide, dreading a fresh invasion of the Romans.

Andrada rejoined Bicilis, and bade him order the prisoners to carry food and clothing to the Cave of Costa, beneath the Deva Fortress. There was their last refuge—in the impregnable mountain, near to the mines of gold, so attractive to the cupidity of the Romans. Bicilis listened in silence, and, preceded by the prisoners in single file, he passed through the iron gate which led to the cave. A narrow pass between two giant rocks conducted him to this last, and only safe refuge of the Dacians. He paused at the great gate, and while pretending to examine it he withdrew the bolt, took it away, and flung it into the stream of the Strau, which flowed close by.

"What could he have been saying to Fausta?" thought Andrada, and calling to her from the river-bank said, "Do you see these Romans—my prisoners? They will die ere night falls, so their lips will be mute; but you—you will stay with me; it is useless to try to escape, for at the first attempt to do so you shall be chained with irons to my side. Well understand this, if you hold to your life and that of the prisoner whom you go there so often to see!" The sparkling eyes of Fausta followed the direction of Andrada's hand, which pointed to a fortified tower.

"Ah! Longinus!" said she, laughing.

"Why do you laugh?" asked Andrada.

"Do you not know that Trajan said, 'Decebal may do what he pleases with Longinus; it is a matter of indifference to me'?"

"And with you is it equally indifferent?"

"To me all is the same—everything—everything."

"Fausta, Fausta! you do not speak truly—were it so, why should your eyes be constantly directed towards that tower! You are waiting for a signal from the Roman!"

"I?"

"Yes, you; and when you run quickly up the steps which lead to Longinus's prison, and hide yourself there, you think that Andrada is blind!"

"It is true; Andrada is blind, completely blind!"

The hot blood mounted to the neck and temples of Andrada as she seized on the curly head of Fausta and bent it like a reed. "If you go up again to that tower, you shall be beaten with whips—do you hear!"

"I hear."

Fausta escaped like an eel, leaving a mesh of her black hair in Andrada's hand; raising herself up she cried, "At Rome, at Rome, you shall wear chains and be attached to Trajan's triumphal chariot; you shall be whipped, and you shall bow your head lower than you have made me bow mine." So saying she darted off like an arrow to rejoin Bicilis with the prisoners in his charge.

Andrada shrugged her shoulders. "She will have to die," said she, "but it would really be a pity; for though she is a viper, she is a very charming one. She must be slowly tortured to death, and she will hiss to the last! Yes, she must die, though only by my hand; she comes of a noble race, and none other but myself must touch her brown skin."

Like to a goddess who weighs in her hands the future of poor humanity, Andrada stood, calm and majestic, looking fixedly on the yellow sand at her feet.

On that same morning Longinus had received from the hands of Fausta a small phial, which he concealed in the folds of his toga, and had drawn the young girl towards him and embraced her as if to thank her. She did not defend herself from his caresses. "I allow you to embrace me," she said, as you will not live to upbraid me for having permitted it."

"Trajan is sacrificing me," said the prisoner.

"She is a slave."

"She has not received her as a gift from the hands of my father. I hold her life; I like her; and yet I know she seeks but an opportunity to betray us."

And they call that liking in this country!"

Andrada smiled. "As one loves a mortal enemy—as the eagle loves the gazelle," said she; "as the human loves a drop of rain, which he embraces voluptuously before drinking it up."

Night descended on the smoking butchery, and a soft wind carried across the plain, clouds of ashes bearing a sickening nauseous odor.

"Something is burning near this," said one of the Roman legion, which was furtively approaching in the obscurity.

In the cave, Decebal was seated, while Andrada stood before him, leaning against a large stone, on which burned a small oil lamp, flickering and smoking.

"Father," said she, "I can do nothing with Longinus. He has had time for reflection, and has made his terrible choice and decided; as well as we, he knows that the Romans are too powerful against us. Shall I show you what I have prepared for you and your warriors?" She raised the lamp, and let its light shine on skins filled with wine and oil, on sacks of rice, and heaps of maize. But at the same moment the cave there gleamed some luminous thing, and, approaching the lamp, there glared out upon her in the darkness the eyes of Fausta, like the eyes of a wild animal. Instinctively Andrada felt for the hilt of the poignard in her waist-scarf, but, leaving it in its place, she seized Fausta by the wrist and dragged her from her hiding place. "By what right have you come here?" asked she, the bearer of evil tidings?"

"Longinus is dead, my lord?"

Decebal sprang from his seat. "*Dead.*"

"Yes, my lord, dead; with this empty phial in his hand."

Andrada recognized a phial which she usually carried about her person, but which had some days past mysteriously disappeared. Her lips murmured the one word, "*Fausta!*"

Decebal rose to his feet; his face was purple with anger; his beard seemed to stand out straight, from passion. "Cut off his head, and show it to the Romans as soon as they approach," cried he.

"My lord, would this be prudent?" asked Bato.

"The time for prudence has passed," said Decebal huskily; and, showing him the writing, "Read!"

Bato shook his head. "They think to weaken us by mutual want of confidence," said he; "they do not take into account that with us Dacians every one counts on himself; we fear but one thing—slavery; and we know how to protect ourselves from that."

Bicilis again looked towards Andrada, who still remained calm and motionless as a morsel of stone from the cave.

"And our women?" asked he.

"Our women will die! Trajan knows Andrada's beauty, and has sworn to be its possessor."

Then Andrada aroused herself. "Trajan is a mighty Emperor," cried he, "but Andrada is yet more powerful."

"To the gates!" cried Decebal, rising, while his voice resounded in the cave like an echo from the bowels of the earth—that voice which, like the fan-fare of a clarion, had so often incited his warriors to acts of valiant courage.

Andrada hastily sought Fausta, for now—now she *must* die, and there was not a moment to be lost. But Fausta was nowhere to be found!

Andrada searched even the tower, where in the grey morning light, lay the decapitated trunk of Longinus. She turned aside, for the spectacle was too sickening even for a Dacian woman. Suddenly came wild shouts and blasts of horns, while a clashing of arms was heard at the nearest gate of the town. The Romans, under the cover of the blackness of the night, had silently approached, and were now assaulting the town on three of its sides at the same time. Their fury had redoubled when the morning light had brought to their view the head of Longinus. Andrada still looked down from the summit of the tower. She saw her father giving the orders with his habitual cool self-possession; she saw the fierce, but as yet unsuccessful, assaults of the Romans, as stones and javelins were showered upon them from the heights of the ramparts. At one of the gates she perceived Bato; at another, Bicilis. The bright sun shone in all its glory on a grandiose spectacle; the hand-to-hand and bloody strife; the young maiden, silent and solitary, near to the headless body of Longinus!

Suddenly a gliding graceful figure crept along and drew near to Bicilis. After exchanging a few words with him, it disappeared, and made its way to the nearest gate. Andrada felt the hot blood bounding her temples as, breathless, she watched the traitress. An instant afterwards the gate was forced, and the Romans entered in dense masses. Andrada applied her two hands to her mouth, and sent forth a shrill cry, like that of a bird of prey—a second, yet a third time, and then rushed to the flight of steps leading from the tower. But, alas! there was a door at the bottom of these steps, and this had been fastened from the outside! "Fausta!" she cried, biting her lips with her teeth until the blood flowed. She looked around her; the staircase was obscure, but she perceived a stone which was loose and had fallen away. Could she raise it? Stiffening her arms, and with the force of an Amazon, she lifted it above her head and flung it against the door. The door shook, but the hinges did not yield. A second effort was more successful, and the wood of the door shivered into splinters. Then Andrada seized on two torches, and, lighting them at the smouldering ashes, forced herself a passage amid the throng. Our soldiers were women, only waiting her behests. They flung the torches to the right and left—from house to house—with the cry of "Andrada! Andrada!" Soon the streets were a sea of flame, enveloping the Roman insurgents. Decebal heard the cry, and, looking back, perceived the troops of his enemy breaking in on every side amidst the fires of the incendiaries.

The red sun has sunk behind the clouds of smoke; Decebal, wounded and dispirited, followed but by seven of his warriors, had found a last retreat in the Cave of Costa. He is seated by a stone table, watching the blood trickling from his wounds; the others are leaning against the moist stone—moist with the blood of their chief. Decebal's voice is heard under the vaulted roof, growling like the plaint of a lion in its death-agony—

"Only you? only you left of the living?"

"We only."

"Where is Bicilis?"

They looked at each other in mute alarm.

"I ask you, where is Bicilis?"

"With the Romans," said one at last, with a hesitating voice.

"With the Romans! A prisoner?"

"No, it is he who leads them."

"This is more bitter than death," cried Decebal. "And we, what is there left for us to do?"

"To die together," cried they all.

"And Andrada, my daughter," he said, with a trembling voice, "they have not captured her?"

"No, father; Andrada is no easy captive," said she, entering the cave with a rapid step and a torch in her hand. "Trajan is coming, and Bicilis leads the way! Bicilis who opened the gate to him! Bicilis, your friend!"

"I know full well—all is finished—for the last time give me the cup, my child."

Andrada's hand shook as she filled to the brim the jewelled flagon. Without hesitating, Decebal raised it to his lips and took a long draught.

"It re-animates one," said he as he passed the cup on to the others, who, in turn, all drank of it in silence. Soon a gentle lassitude penetrated their powerful limbs and weighed down their heavy eyelids.

"The rest for me," said Andrada, once more filling the goblet. "My father, I drink to the noble hero—Trajan—the vanquisher of flames and corpses;" she put the cup to her lips, but a rapid movement caused it to fly from her hand. It was Fausta, who, with an air of mocking triumph, said: "To Rome, Andrada—to Rome." But the words died on her lips as Andrada quickly drew a dagger from her waist-scarf and thrust it into Fausta's throat; a jet of blood spurted out as she withdrew the stylet and plunged it, red and reeking, into her own fair breast.

Bicilis, mad with grief, flung himself on the lifeless body of Fausta. "Fausta, Fausta!" cried he, "for your sake am I a despicable traitor."

Andrada was supporting herself by the side of the rock, the blood welling from her wound. She raised her foot towards Bicilis, as if to crush a serpent. At the same instant Trajan stood before her. She smiled feebly on him.

"Thou art still living, noble daughter of Decebal—living for me! Thou shalt be the adoration of my life."

"Yes," said Andrada, "it is I, the daughter of Decebal: and you—you are the *great hero* Trajan."

So saying she drew the poignard from her breast, her eyes closed, and she sank fainting to the earth.

Trajan caught her in his arms, and kissed her discolored lips, while a tear fell from his eyes on the pale face of the daughter of his enemy.

Around them in a circle were seated the Dacian warriors leaning on their swords, their lifeless eyes turned towards their statue-like chief.

"Decebal," cried Trajan, "Decebal, let us be friends. I weep with you, I deplore the sacrifice of you noble maiden." But no answer issued from the mouth of Decebal.

"Do you not see that they are dead?" said Bicilis. "Andrada gave them their last sleeping draught."

Trajan turned with contempt upon Bicilis. "You here, miscreant?" cried he. "Depart hence; your breath is a profanation."

But Trajan's followers said, "Show us where are the treasures—the mines of gold—the casket of precious stones."

Bicilis led them to the banks of the river, turned aside the water, and discovered to them the deep fosse in its bed, which was speedily disembowelled.

"Now throw the traitor into the pit!" cried Trajan.

"Is that to be a recompense?" asked Bicilis.

"Thinkest thou that I will suffer near my triumphal car a wretch who has been trampled under foot by Andrada? Go, to thy death!"

In vain Bicilis protested, entreated. Trajan was immovable, and Bicilis was seized and thrown into the fosse; the earth covered him, and the waters of the Ister flowed over his narrow tomb.

The bright beauty of the intrepid virgin was never effaced from the heart of Trajan. She and her father were interred with regal honors.

The documents which might have given us more information as to Decebal's daughter have not been found; perhaps they were burned in the fire of Saramisegethusa, or perhaps they disappeared in the great stream of the Ister.

Of the once powerful Dacian people but few traces remain—some few words in the Roumanian language, the classical garments, the shaven crown, and the long curls which are still allowed to flow over the shoulders of the Roumanian peasants.

[This translation has been specially made by Mrs E. B. Mawer, of Bucharest, with Her Majesty's express sanction.]

PEACOCK FEATHERS.

Why a Superstition of Ill-Luck is Associated With Them.

A superstition, which is especially prevalent among the lower classes of England and America, associates ill-luck with peacock feathers. To a lesser extent it may also be found in Germany, Italy, France and Spain, and in Mahommedan countries. The reason for its existence in the latter is not far to seek, Mohammedan tradition asserting that the peacock and the snake were both placed at the entrance of Paradise, to give warning of approaching danger; that Eblis, or Satan, seduced them both, and that in consequence they shared his punishment. Did the European superstition come through Saracen sources or is it a popular reminiscence of the classical fable of Argus, the one-hundred-eyed minister of King Osiris, who was turned by Juno into a peacock, the multitudinous eyes being placed in his tail? This legend might readily enough have been associated with the superstition of the evil eye. In the sixteenth century garlands of peacock's feathers were bestowed on liars and cheats, and so the feathers might symbolize an ever-watchful traitor in the house.

Another explanation is that peacock's feathers were anciently used as funeral emblems, and hence could not fail in time to be looked upon as ill-omened. Paracelsus says that "if a peacock cries more than usual and out of time, it foretells the death of some one in that family to whom it doth belong."

Some Funny Papers.

Chicago wife—"Why, what ails you, Charles? You seem all out of breath and totally exhausted." Chicago husband—"I—am. I—have—just—been—spanking—Bertie—with—one—of—your—slippers."

"Johnny, do you see any reason for putting a muzzle on a pug? They never bite anybody." "No, they never bite anybody, but they have to wear something to keep the paint from rubbing off their noses."—*Yonkers Gazette.*

Lawyer—"Did you not kiss the plaintiff continually when you called on her?" Defendant (in breach of promise suit)—"Yes; I never stopped kissing her while I was in the house, but I did that in self-defense, to keep her from singing."

Mrs. Conn Kelly—Has Misthur McFalley been nathuralized yet, Mrs. McFalley? Mrs. McFalley—Yes, Molke was nathuralized last week, but begorra, Mrs. Kelly, it didn't take; he spakes wid as strong an Oirish accint as iver.—*The Epoch.*

The wise husband never learns how to distinguish plants from weeds in his little wife's garden. He supposes, and he makes little self lots of backache and little wifey has strong inducement to take some needed out-door exercise.—*Somerville Journal.*

Christian Scientist—"Have you ever tried faith for your rheumatism?" Patient—"Yes; I'm trying it now. I've got in my pocket the left hind foot of a graveyard rabbit that was killed in the dark of the moon, and I do believe it's helping me."

Grover Gets Uneasy.

Chicago Tribune.

"Dan," said the President, uneasily, "the Republicans appear to be arranging a tremendous reception for Blaine on his return from Europe. Do you think he will take an active part in the campaign?"

"There can be no doubt of it," replied Dan; "he's exactly like him."

"Dan," said the President, after a pause, "we have no—er—ah—Blaines, have we?"

"Lord, no!" ejeculated Dan, sighing heavily. Another pause.

"Dan," resumed the President, eyeing him closely, "have we no—is there no Democrat that could make as big a sensation on coming home from Europe as Blaine will make?"

"None," answered Dan, quite positively.

No Flies on the Old Man.

When the banks of Bangor, Me., decided not to take Canadian coin except at a discount of 20 per cent, a granger in a neighboring town had quite a stock of the depreciated bullion. His daughter's lover, however, was clerk in a grocery store and the girl was deputed to buy the family groceries. For this purpose she was supplied with the tabooed coin, and her lover being too tender-hearted to enforce the discount accepted it at face value. In this way the shrewd native soon relieved himself of the outlawed currency.

The Arms and Man I Sing.

They were riding together in the moonlight, and he was trying hard to think of something pleasant to say. All of a sudden she gave a slight shiver.

"Are you cold, Miss Hattie?" he asked, anxiously. "I will put my coat around you, if you like."

"Well, yes," said she, shyly, with another little shiver. "I am a little cold, I confess, but you needn't put your coat around me; one sleeve will do."—*Somerville Journal.*

Capacity Unlimited.

Magistrate (to witness)—"You say you run a beer saloon?"

Witness—"Ya, dot vos so, by der Powery."

Magistrate—"How many glasses of beer can your customers drink at one sitting?"

Witness—"Dot I don't know. Der shentiemans can always drink choost one more."—*Epoch.*

He Complimented Her.

"Oh, Mrs. Brown, do please introduce Mr. Jones over there to me!"

"It's no good, dear, he won't dance."

"No, I know; but I want to sit out with him; he goes with my dress so beautifully."—*Judy.*

They Give Body to the Water.

After all, bacteria properly diluted with water is not a bad tipple; they give all the flavor to the beverage, as one will find by killing them all by boiling the water and discovering that water entirely lacking life and flavor, that a certain amount of bacteria is pleasant to the taste.

A Cigar Story.

Customer (to cigar dealer)—I want a fine cigar, something good.

Dealer—There is a genuine Ypsilanti, sir, 20 cents; nothing finer in the market.

Customer—You can recommend it?

Dealer—I should say I could; my clerk smokes them exclusively.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Wanted His Clothes to Fit.

Candid Friend—How is it, Councilor, you now drink 12 glasses of beer at one sitting? I never knew you to drink more than six?

Councilor—Well, you see, that scamp of a tailor has made my clothes too big, and so I am just filling up to take out the creases.—*Fliegende Blatter.*

Kept Her Word.

Mrs. Gaines, of the Hocking Valley, told her husband to bring her home a new dress or she would jump into the well. He forgot the dress. She kept her word. It cost him $12 to get her out and have her bones mended.

Out in Montana.

Poet (to editor of the *Blazing Wild Cat*)—Do I interrupt you, sir? I have a poem—

Editor—Interrupt? No, stranger. Only for a minute. Shoots him and goes on with an editorial.—*Time.*

Waiting for His Nickel.

Papa—"Now run away, Bobby, papa's busy."

Bobby (holding up his joined hands cup wise)—"Drop a nickel in the hole, papa, and you'll see me go."—*Judge.*

Squaws with Bonnets.

Bonnets are now worn by the squaws of the Cheyenne tribe in Nebraska. This adoption of the white woman's style of headgear is due to the thieving of several of the Indians. They robbed a millinery store at Chadron, Neb.

It Is Very Likely, Indeed.

A young lady in Philadelphia is said to have had five lovers, all named Samuel. Her female friends allude to her as the Psalmist, but for all that we suppose she has her favorite Sam.

Timely Advice.

If you don't want to be robbed of your good name, don't have it engraved on your umbrella.

ARE WOMEN EVER BALD?

A Woman Herself Answers This Puzzling Problem for the Innocent.

"An innocent young fellow came in yesterday and asked me why women are never bald-headed," says a woman correspondent. "I at first wondered where he had lived all his days, and then, considering that he was not in the trade and didn't know the schemes that women have, I pitied him. The fact is, there are more bald-headed women than there are men with shiny pates. Especially is this true case in the higher classes of society. The richer the food, the poorer the sustenance given the egg of the hair. It receives more external attention, to be sure, and that partially makes up for it, but you would be surprised to be behind the scenes and see a woman, prominent in the best society, and who that night before bore her head, adorned with a luxuriant mass of 'woman's glory,' proudly aloft—you would be surprised to see her in here with her hair on her head, bowing the polished cranium meekly before the brush of one of my maids, while the latter arranged the V-shaped bangs (which are all the rage now, everything in hair dressing tending to a point) or the Grecian knot (the style for full dress) so artistically as to deceive even her husband.

"What a sensation these maids of mine could create could they reach the husbands of many of the society women of St. Louis. Many a man is happy in the possession of a wife with what he thinks an original head of hair. One well-known woman residing in the west end came in the other day and said her husband was prone to pull her hair, and wanted to know if her chignon could be made proof against this danger. We fixed it on with paste, and, though she says they have had some regular hair-pulling matches since, her locks have held out. He thinks he is torturing her, but he is only drawing on his pocketbook to pay me for rearranging it. Factory girls seldom get bald. But if you intend getting a society girl for a wife fasten her hair to a bush unbeknown to her and then surprise her into starting suddenly. If her waterfall doesn't give way you are pretty safe, though that will not be absolute proof. Why are women not baldheaded? Poor innocence!—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Alleged Humorists.

What with the brass bands and the platform orators this will be an unusually windy summer.—*Boston Post.*

Van Baboony—"I wonder, barber, if I can do anything with this mustache." Barber—"Why, certainly, sir. You might shave it off."

In connection with George Washington's conduct toward the cherry tree, it has never yet been ascertained what made him ax so.—*Merchant Traveler.*

It requires push to succeed in business, whether it be running a newspaper, keeping a country store, or wheeling a baby-carriage.—*The Bazar.*

Magistrate (to prisoner)—"I see you have lost several teeth in the fight." Prisoner—"No, your honor, I didn't exactly lose 'em; they were knocked down my throat."

Customer (getting his hair cut)—"Didn't you nip off a piece of ear then?" Barber (reassuringly)—"Yes, sah, a small piece, but not 'nough to affect de hearin', sah."

At a Summer Resort. — Bella — "Oh dear! What are we to do to-day without a man on the grounds?" Carrie—"Let's get a boat and row around the buoy."—*Burlington Free Press.*

Caller—"Last time I called on you, you had two little pug dogs, a monkey and two parrots. What has become of them?" Friend—"That was before I was married. My husband has taken their place."

Eighteenth Century Literature.

Deficient in the highest intellectual beauty, in the qualities which awaken the fullest critical enthusiasm, the Eighteenth Century will be enjoyed more thoroughly by those who make it their special study than by those who skim the entire surface of literature. It has, although on the grand scale conditioned by inferior, a remarkable fullness and sustained richness which endear it to specialists. If it be compared, for instance, with the real Augustan age in Rome, or with the Spanish period of literary supremacy, it may claim to hold its own against these rivals in spite of their superior rank, because of its more copious interest. If it has neither a Horace nor a Calderon it has a great extent and variety of writers just below these in merit, and are more numerous than what Rome or Spain can show during those blossoming periods. It is, moreover, fertile at far more points than either of these schools. This activity and variegated success, at a comparatively low level of effort, strikes one as characteristic of an age more remarkable for persistent vitality than for rapid and brilliant growth. The Elizabethan *vieda vis* is absent, the Georgian glow has not yet dawned, but there is a suffused prosaic light of intelligence, of cultivated, of low level the whole picture, and during the first half of the period, at least, that is bright enough to be very attractive.—*New Princeton Review.*

Russia and Bulgaria.

Perhaps an example can be invented to make us understand more thoroughly the Russian feeling about Bulgaria. If such a supposition is possible, let us suppose that at some period of great tension we, partly in an outburst of pure philanthropy and very greatly for our own interest, helped Cuba to become independent of Spain; and that, in doing so, we ran up a large debt and successfully prosecuted a bloody and harassing war. Let us suppose, too, that after the war we did not find it convenient to annex Cuba, although we promised the island our moral, and if need be our material support; and did our best to put it in the way of governing itself. Let us suppose, then, that the Cubans disliked our constant advice and interference, perhaps objected to the brusque notes of our Consul General at Havana and we know how disagreeable their terms might sometimes be; that they disliked the schemes of New York companies for exploiting the country, in which they were allowed no shares; or perhaps even that they were discontented with our protective tariff, and would like to sell more closely their commercial relations with England. In such a state of things can any one for a moment think that we could bear it with equanimity, or that we would not act even more energetically and brutally than Russia has done in Bulgaria? It would be very wrong, of course; but human nature is much the same all the world over.—*New Princeton Review.*

Not So Bad.

Friend (to young artist)—"Why, Charley, I'm surprised to see you out to-day!" Young Artist—"Why so?" Friend—"I passed your boarding house a little while ago and I saw a shirt hanging on the line which I am quite sure belongs to you."

Old lady—"Little boy, do you go to Sunday school?" Little boy—"Yes'm. I go to the Baptist Sunday school." Old lady—"You are the son of Christian parents?" Little boy—"No, ma'am; they are Baptists just the same as I am."—*N. Y. Sun.*

"Madam," said the landlady, "when you engaged your room this morning, you said you had no children." "I haven't," replied madam. "There is a little girl crying on the floor above. Is she not yours?" "No, she is an adopted child."—*Epoch.*

Old Mr. Sharply (leaning over the staircase in his night gown)—Mabel! Mabel (below)—Yes, papa. Old Mr. Sharply—Just tell that young gentleman in the parlor that if he's waiting for the morning paper he can get it quicker down town.—*Exchange.*

Three Good Ones.

It was a severe punishment," said the father, self-reproachfully, "but it answers the purpose. It kept Johnny from running on the street." "You didn't cripple the boy, did you?" "No, I had his mother cut his hair for him. You ought to see the poor boy."—*Chicago Tribune.*

First Chicago Anarchist—"Py Gum! You hear dot? More inquisitions. More tyrannies. Ve must revolt." Second Anarchist—Vot happen now?" "You hear about dose Waifs Mission craeties?" "Vein." "It's awful. Last week does beopies caught 500 newspoys und vashed 'em."—*Omaha World.*

Countryman (in book store.)—"Say how much is this book?" Clerk—"That Shakespeare? You may have that for $3." Countryman (opening the book)—"Um—I guess I don't want it, arter all. Half the lines ain't carried out on the margin, and that spoorly printed paper as print. I like solid readin' best, myself."

Our Serial Story.

STRONG HEART AND STEADY HAND.

BY D. R. LOCKE.

CHAPTER XIV—CONTINUED.

"It was a good thing in her to stand by you, and it was a clever thing for that youngster from New York to do you the turn he did. I didn't know that a New Yorker could do a good thing, that is a fine New Yorker, I never got any good of any of 'em. But young man, do you know that we haven't begun to git at the dust where we are? Since you were gone I hev explored the creek further down, and it gits richer and richer as you go. It's enormous.

"But these people have had trouble," Harry continued in his narrative, as they sat by the fire, Taggart cleaning a pick, "they are in love with each other, in a way that you never heard of, but it appears that when the girl lived in New York, there was some scandal about her, which Jarvas found to be unfounded, and he struck a man in a hotel in San Francisco for repeating it."

"Plucky fellow," said old Taggart, busy with his own thoughts, and paying little attention whatever to what Harry was saying. "I never saw such indications as there are further down the creek. Chunks like this are common, and I guess to-morrow we'll strike down there."

"And after this scrimmage there was a good deal of trouble. The girl came up to Altamont on my invitation, and of course, Lord followed her, because he couldn't keep out of her sight, and—"

"Brooks, to-morrow I guess we had better move our camp a couple of miles or so down the stream. It will waste a little time doin it, but will save time goin to and from. It's richer down there, sure."

"And then, while the two people were as happy as two human beings could be, this Ditmar—"

"Ditmar! did you say," shrieked the old man, rising to his feet and dropping the tool he was employed on, "Ditmar, did you say. Had a man named Ditmar anything to do with it? Is he in San Francisco or Altamont, or anywhere on this coast?"

It was wonderful, the change that came over him at the mention of that name. Gone was his interest in the mine—gone was his greed for gold—the entire nature of the man was changed in a moment.

"Tell me all about this Ditmar," he said, with the same eagerness that he had shown when he had been talking of their prospects for gold. "Tell me all about him. Did you see him? Was he a tall man, with dark hair and eyes, a moustache, and a very handsome man? Tell me all about him! Never mind about the camp or the dust. Tell me all about this Ditmar."

"I did see him," was Harry's reply, "and your description of him is correct. What do you know of him?"

"Know of him? I know enough of him. He is in Altamont, you say! Good! This is better than any claim. Good-bye, pard, for a little while. I am going to Altamont to-night—this minute. You stay and work the claim—I will be back in a few days. There is going to be a big funeral in Altamont."

Harry was astonished at this outbreak, but not a word could he get out of the old man. He threw a few of the horses, put up in feverish haste enough provision for the journey and started.

"Good-bye! I will be back in a few days."

"He shall not go alone," thought Harry, "the old man is not in his right mind. I will follow him."

And he saddled the other horse and set out on the trail. By hard riding he overtook Taggart in an hour, and drew up beside him.

"What are you doing here?" was Taggart's question.

"I am going to Altamont with you. You have some trouble and I will not let you go alone."

"Very good," was the answer, "I had as soon have you see me kill him as not."

And the two men rode on side by side, in silence.

CHAPTER XV.

Down through the valleys and over the mountains rode the two men, in silence. There was no turning aside for prospecting—no stopping for views of scenery, and no halting for rest. Taggart was in a fever of excitement, and Brooks said nothing except to urge more speed. Harry, knowing that some mighty motive impelled the old man, kept silence, save when spoken to and only checked his haste when it became dangerous. The change in the nature of Taggart was terrible. Gone, was the listlessness and carelessness. To find Ditmar, was the one object of his life, and his eagerness for this had swallowed up his greed for gold.

Finally, in half the time it should have taken, they arrived in Altamount, their horses jaded and worn out, and Harry almost as badly off as the steeds they had so desperately ridden.

Sustained by his feverish desire to find Ditmar, Taggart was apparently as strong as ever, and he lost no time in making inquiries for the man he was in search of.

His fury when he found that Ditmar had left Altamont was terrible.

"He shall not escape me!" the old man said with fearful emphasis. "I will follow him to the ends of the earth, now that I am on his track."

But where he had gone, no one could tell him. He had started alone, on a hunting expedition, probably with the intention of joining a party somewhere in the mountains.

"Is he comin back?" was the old man's query. Did he leave any of his plunder!"

"Certainly, he will come back. His trunks, and all his effects except his sporting outfit, are here, and he kept his rooms."

"Then I will wait."

And the old man, queer even in the little mining supply town, where the queerest of the queer are seen daily, took the attention of all the people, by his more than singular habits. He lived with the Chinamen in their camp on the outskirts, but the arrival of the trains from east or west found him at the station scrutinizing the faces of the arriving passengers, and no large game from the back country but found him present at its arrival.

Days passed, but the watchful old man was not rewarded by finding the object of his search, and he became impatient. He attempted to find some one who could give him some clue to the whereabouts of Ditmar, and so persistent was he in his inquiries, that he became known as "the man who wanted the Coloneil."

Three weeks passed, and Jarvas Lord and Marian Winter returned. Jarvas had made short work of the settlement of his business concerns, for there was but little for him to do. He had merely to turn over the assets of the broken house that were on the coast, to the attorneys of the assignee, and give them instructions for their guidance in adjusting them. This done, he had nothing more to do with the matter. The old house of Lord & Sons had passed out of the list of merchants, and he was on the world, with nothing but the promise of a friend on which to rebuild his broken fortunes.

And Marian he came back to Altamont, that he might start for the mines and get about his new work as soon as possible.

Harry Brooks welcomed him with all the ardor of a very enthusiastic nature, one not yet spoiled by experience, and explained to him why he was in Altamont. He told Jarvas and Marian the story of his return to the mines, and of the conversation he had had with Taggart, in his attempt to bring him round to the point of consenting to take another partner, of the incidental introduction of Ditmar's name, and the effect it had on the old man.

"I never saw anything like it. Up to that time he thought of nothing but dust, and was so eager for it, that we almost quarreled. Gold was the only thing he thought of by day, or dreamed of by night. The days wern't long enough for him, and he could scarcely sleep nights for his anxiety to be at his work. But the moment the name of Ditmar struck his ear, he dropped his pick, and forgetting gold, forgetting everything, saddled his horse and came here. I came with him, for when Ditmar returns, if he does return, there will be trouble. The old man has some grievous wrong to avenge, and he will do it. He is a dangerous man when his blood is up, and he is as crazy to meet this man as he was for dust in the mines. It is now the one thought in his mind."

"What is his trouble with Ditmar?" asked Jarvas.

"That he would not tell. It must be some connection with his family, though how Col. Ditmar, always in the best society of New York, and only a month or so on the coast—you remember he came over on the train with us—could ever have any connection with the old miner, who has been here for years, is a mystery. I know he has some grief, for once when very communicative for him, he told me of having lost his entire family."

"He isn't insane, is he? and this trouble of his isn't imaginary?"

"No, indeed. There isn't a shrewder man living than Taggart, even under the balanced. No. There is something between them, for he described Ditmar accurately. And it is something serious, for it must be very serious, that would affect him as this did."

"I must know something more of this," said Lord. "I have an unsettled account with Col. Ditmar, and I want to know all I can of him. I must see Taggart immediately."

The two went out to find him. As it was train time there was no difficulty in it. He was at the depot waiting and watching.

The train came in and went out, Taggart scrutinized every face, and turned away disappointed. His man did not come.

Harry Brooks introduced his friend.

"Taggart," said Harry Brooks, "this is my friend Mr. Lord, of whom I spoke. He wants to know something of Colonel Ditmar."

"Do you know Ditmar?" asked the old man, turning fiercely to him.

"I know something of him," was Lord's reply.

"Do you know where he is!"

"I do not, but I want to."

"So do I—am waitin for him—I hev bin waitin for him for two weeks. I want to see him—you don't know how much."

"Mr. Taggart, tell me, has this man done you a wrong?"

There was a fierce, ugly gleam in the old man's eyes, and his breath came very short.

"Has he ever wronged you?"

"He has wronged me, and deeply. I too, am waiting for him, and shall wait till he comes. I came here for the express purpose of meeting him."

"Young man!" exclaimed Taggart excitedly, "unless you would have me for an enemy, and I am no pleasant customer, go away from here. Don't come between me and that man—don't if you have any regard for yourself. I should hate the man who stepped between me and him, as much as I hate him. Don't do it."

"What has he done that you should hate him so?"

"Never you mind. He knows—or he will know within a minit of the time I set eyes on him. All I have to say to you, is to keep away. Don't interfere in this matter or with this man. He is mine—all mine—and I won't have any one else in it."

Lord and Brooks could only do as Taggart was doing—wait. Jarvas did not intend that the punishment of Ditmar should be left to Taggart, but he was not displeased to know that others had cause against him.

One day Taggart, Lord and Brooks were sitting on the porch in front of the hotel, the younger men conversing, and Taggart sitting aside, deeply absorbed in his own thoughts.

A light wagon

Recent Literature.

ULY ISSUES OF NEW BOOKS.

Reading for Grave and Gay, For Home and Abroad—Reviews and Literary Notes.

Once in a while a volume of cleverly-told short stories comes along; not the prosy essay sort, nor the blood-curdling romance, but something after the order of "Tales from Blackwood" the model compilation of its kind, wherein interest and humor and good common-sense unite more for amusement than for instruction. That peculiar class of stories that may tell of love in the boudoir, adventures of the chase or "moving accidents by flood and field," and yet not degenerate to sickly sentimentality, or shocking narrative. Such is "The Gallery of A Random Collector" by Clinton Ross. On the title page is a fragment from Sterne's "Sentimental Journey" that may stand for a text; and a fragment from Fielding's "Tom Jones" by way of a preface. And all the way through the "Gallery," the author frescoes his ceilings, and colors his walls with the tints of that glorious Georgian literary era. There are eight pen pictures in the "Gallery," of which it would be venturesome to call any one the best, they are all so very excellent; but it is probable that "In New Spain"—a glance at the life of Vasco Nunez de Balbon,—"The Man in the Frayed Frock-Coat," and "Now: A Sentimental Comedy" will catch most readers' fancy. The work is got out in presentable shape and is from "The Knickerbocker Press" of G. P. Pacnam's Sons, New York.

"Kenneth Cameron" belongs to that school of fiction which sends out so many books a year that it gives point to the apothegm, "as easy as lying." It is readable, and contains some character sketches and bits of description that are really excellent. On the whole, though, it suggests the criticism—"of what use?" A spirited horse race and a well-written Mardi Gras hardly offset the old story of Kenneth's love for Hortense, the interference of the unscrupulous adventurer, the triumph of virtue and the deserved defeat of the heavy villain. Its best feature is an exposition of the Louisiana idea of slavery before the war, and the author, L. Q. C. Brown, is well qualified to do the subject justice. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

In the most northerly part of Norway, about the 70th parallel of latitude, lies the land of the Finns. Even Iceland itself is not a rougher or more inhospitable spot than that, "the extreme limit of human habitation; and stories, and narratives concerning life there, possess, when well told, a peculiar fascination. G. P. Putnam's Sons have just issued "Lajla," by Prof. A. A. Friis, of Stockholm, translated by Ingerid Markhus, which is by far the most thorough and interesting description of the manners and customs of Finnmark in the English language to-day. The title of the book is the name of the heroine, a Norwegian child, who as an infant was strangely saved from being eaten by wolves, then from being drowned in the fierce, icy current of the river Alten. She was adopted by the wealthy Finn, Aslak Laagie, who owned near 4,000 head of reindeer. The description of Laagie's household presents a splendid picture of Finnish home-life extending over the twenty years of Lajla's girlhood, and gives point to as pretty love story as that of Paul and Virginia, though here love flourished amid eternal ice and snow. The book abounds in bits that are revelations:

"Laagie was in his tent looking after the meat-pot, which was boiling for dinner. In a mountain Lapp's household, it is the husband who cooks or minds the pot, while the wife's work consists chiefly in making clothes, shoes, dressing skins, tending the children, and so on."

"To carry a sick or disabled person such a long way is impossible, and so there is no choice but that he or she, whoever it may be, perhaps one's own aged father or mother, must be left behind provided with food, in a suitable spot on the mountain, with the alternative of following later or else dying, entirely alone. Many a sorrowful farewell have parents had to say to their children in such a lonely place, and then never have seen them more."

"After the common salutation between friends, which consists in laying the right hand on each other's left shoulder, half-embracing and rubbing cheek against cheek and the tip of the nose against the tip of the nose, the stranger was invited into the tent, and after repeating the greeting 'Peace be with the house,' was given a seat beside the fireplace."

It seems like a piece of affectation to follow the Scandinavian orthography and use "j" for "i" in such words as "Lajla," "Fjord" and the like. The former is not half as pretty a word as "Laila"—the real pronunciation—in which there is a melody visible to the eye, completely destroyed by the "j". It may be classic to follow the original, but the prejudice of English reading, as learned in youth, is opposed to it.

One of the timely books of the season is "Footprints of the Pioneers in the Ohio Valley," by W. H. Venable, L. L. D., published by the Ohio Valley Press, Cincinnati. Coming in with the three centennial celebrations at Cincinnati, Columbus and Marietta, and profusely illustrated with many accurate and well cut engravings of pioneers and pioneer scenes, it is sure of general adoption as the handiest and best work of its kind that will be issued this year.

"In Castle and Cabin," is the outcome of a four months' tour and sojourn in Ireland, by George Pellew, A. M., LL. B., of the Suffolk, N. Y., bar. The author had an unusually fine opportunity for compiling material for his book, as he went to Ireland provided with letters of introduction to the leaders of the Government and Nationalist parties, as well as to private individuals, the energy and professional and business men in all the four provinces. Being an American Mr. Pellew was removed from faction and politics, and was thereby enabled to calmly review the situation. Of the land agitation and Home Rule he says: "Especially do these questions deserve the careful attention of the American people, since Irish politics perpetually exercise no inconsiderable influence on our own, and we cannot help being important factors in Irish affairs. Books upon the subject are so numerous that some excuse seems needed for the publication of another, but, as a rule, the books and articles we read are the controversial statements of professed partisans, so that those may, perhaps, still be found for an uncolored record, however incomplete, of thought and conduct in Ireland at the present time.....It will at least suggest some of the difficulties to be met by any statesman and by any nation that proposes, finally and at once, to solve the group of problems so long unfortunately known as 'the Irish question.'" To the programme thus outlined the author has conscientiously adhered with the result of delineating the condition of the people in Ulster, Munster, Connaught and Leinster in a masterly and judicial manner. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"Some Details of Water Works Construction, by W. B. Billings, superintendent of Water Works at Taunton Mass., is the collection, arrangement and re-editing of a series of papers which have appeared in the columns of *The Engineering and Building Record*, and *The Sanitary Engineer*, of New York. In the sphere it is designed to circulate it will be found of vast practical value, and in construction, readjustment and repair of water works systems will undoubtedly be accepted as authority. William Gibson, jr., 82 and 84 Fulton street, New York, publishers.

The eighth volume of "The People's Bible," by Joseph Parker, D. D., Minister of the City Temple, Holborn Viaduct, London, Eng., has been issued by Funk & Wagnalls, of New York. It includes that portion of the Old Testament from I Kings XV., to I Chronicles IX., and is an exhaustive elaboration of the historical record and theological bearing of the original text. That Dr. Parker is an original thinker, a devout man and a thorough worker is beyond question, and from such a source would one expect just such expressions as "The church has been unjust to laughter. It has left that stone in the devil's Ramah; it might have made a figure in God's Geba or Mizpah." "I care not, young man, how many and how brilliant in life your chances are, if you drink wine in the morning, as many young men in London do, you are as good as damned already." "The young man who drinks in the morning may be saved, for I dare not set limits to the mercy of God, but how he is to be saved it is impossible for me to say." "We must allow something for Deity." "Speculative error has its counterpart in actual cruelty, and patient worship has its counterpart in daring service." "There is always some Merlin who will bring every Usher-Pendragon what he longs to have; there is always some Lady Macbeth who will show the Thane how to be King. There is always a way to be bad." And so on almost every page may be found bright nuggets of strong perception and novel expression. It is a work that will recommend itself to non-communicants as well as to churchmen.

"Hymns and Tunes" as sung at St. Thomas' church, New York, is published by Harper & Bro., New York. The hymns are those of Bishop Heber, Joseph Montgomery, Alexander Pope, Sir Robert Grant, Dean Milman, Rev. Dr. Baring-Gould, Charles and John Wesley, and other well-known writers of sacred songs. The music is by George William Warren. Of it the Rev. Dr. Morgan, pastor of the church, says: "It need scarcely be said that its welcome is assured, or that it will become at once a cherished possession, not only to members of the parish, but to thousands from every part of the country who, in attending the services of St. Thomas' church, whether at morning or evening, have shared in the quickening power of its music."

"The Correct Thing in Good Society," by the author of "Social Customs," aims to instruct the world at large, and the upper ten thousand in particular, in the amenities which civilization and good breeding dictate. A pretty little volume in blue and gold, as useful as ornamental, from the press of Estes & Lauriat, Boston.

"The Workingman's Way to Wealth," is a practical treatise on Building Associations, what they are, and how to use them, by Edmund Wrigley, and is a very complete exposition of that subject. Philadelphia: James K. Simon, publisher.

"Quince Culture," an illustrated handbook for the propagation and cultivation of the quince, with descriptions of its varieties, insect enemies, diseases, and their remedies, by W. W. Meech, A. M., is published by the Orange Judd company, New York.

Literary Notes.

A. H. Smythe, of Columbus, O., has issued the "Log Cabin Song Book" of 1840, revised for the campaign of 1888. It contains 64 pages, and is sent by mail for 10 cents per copy.

A leading feature of the issue for July 26 of the *Youth's Companion* is an article by Professor Tyndall on "Life in the Alps." Professor Tyndall has for twenty-nine years spent his vacation in the Alps, and he is, therefore, well qualified to write on the subject he has chosen.

The publisher and editor of the *Art Review* announces that he will begin in September a new art periodical, entitled the *Art Courier*, issued twice a month. It will aim to give the art news of the fortnight, presented in readable style, with brief editorial comments. Each number will have, as its art supplement, a photogravure, and these twenty-four plates will be furnished with the letter press.

Frederick A. Stokes & Bro. announce "The Life of Grover Cleveland," by William O. Stoddard, the author of the other volumes in their series of "Lives of the Presidents of the United States."

G. P. Putnam's Sons announce among their early autumn publications: "Behind Closed Doors," by Aaron Saltarine Green, author of "The Leavenworth Case." Each one of Miss Green's stories has added to her fame as a writer of fiction, and it is claimed by critics that the present volume is more absorbing in its wonderfully constructed plot than even the world-renowned "Leavenworth Case."

ONCE BRAZIL'S SLAVES.

Their Gratitude to the Royal Family for Freedom.

Heiter Basta Cordeira, an attache of the Brazilian legation and a member of the emperor's household, received a batch of letters from Brazil yesterday, telling how the abolition of slavery has been received. "The country is enjoying the greatest quiet and peace," said Senor Cordeira. "My letters say that the former slaves are cheerfully working for wages for their old masters. There are creating no disorders, committing no thefts, nor are they idling away their time.

In Rio Janeiro, when the princess regent appears in the streets, the blacks struggle with each other for the privilege of kissing her dress or sometimes her hand and utter fitful gratitude in shouts and cheers. The final act abolishing slavery took effect May 13, and for fifteen days there was public feasting all over the empire. In Rio Janeiro business was suspended, and the entire population gave up the time to amusement and rejoicing. The four racing clubs united and gave races every day without charge. The newspapers combined and issued May 13 in paper written by all the editors. The theaters were free to everybody. There were great public tables spread for all to eat, and balls in every park and square.

"It is impossible to say how many slaves were liberated. In 1883 there were 6,-000,000. Since that great numbers have been secretly freed, I suppose that there were not more than 2,000,000 freed by law. The causes which led to the emancipation were the emperor, the pride of the Brazilians, and the small profits in slave labor. Brazil was the only civilized country in the world holding slaves. Brazilians are liberty-loving and progressive, and impressed like the rest of the world by a powerful public sentiment for emancipation. Only nine deputies voted against it." —*Washington Post.*

The Growth of Kansas.

Governor Martin, of Kansas, has issued a proclamation organizing the county of Greeley, and making Tribune the county seat. This completes the organization of all the counties of Kansas, making a total of 106. There have been organized during the second term of Governor Martin 23 counties, having an aggregate area of 18,633 square miles, a territory larger by 200 miles than that included within the boundaries of the three states of Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Rhode Island.

The organization of the last county in the state recalls the marvelous growth of the state and its rank among the foremost in the Union. In 1860, the year before Kansas became a state, the entire population was 107,206. There was only ten towns and cities having a population in excess of 500 each, only three having over 1,000, and only one that had over 5,000 inhabitants. In the last census of the state in 1885 the population of Kansas was 1,268,562. There were a 154 towns that had a population of over 500, 91 towns towns that had over 1,000 each, twelve that had over 5,000 each, six over 10,000, four over 15,000, and two that had more than 20,000. It is confidently expected that the census in 1890 will give the state a population of 2,000,000, and there are now at least three towns in the state that have a population of over 30,000 each.

The number of taxable acres of land in in Kansas increased from 1,778,400 in 1860 to 27,710,981 in 1885, and a vast increase has been made to the latter figure in the three years. The value of farms in Kansas in 1880 was $12,258,-239. In 1885 it was $408,073,454. The growth of the state west of the sixth principal meridian has been largely made within the past ten years. The stream of immigration to that part of the state has been uninterrupted, and what was considered not many years ago a desert has been converted into a fruitful field teeming with a prosperous population.

The railroads have done much to aid in this rapid work of development. In 1864, three years after its admission as a state, Kansas had not a mile of completed railroad. It has now 8,000 miles of railroad, and in 1880 all but twenty of the 106 counties in the state were traversed by lines of transportation.

The growth in wealth and population in the remote western counties of Kansas within the past few years may be better appreciated when it is known that the laws of Kansas require a county, before it can be organized, to have a population of exceeding 2,500, and property assessed at not less than $150,000, exclusive of railroads. At the time of her admission Kansas ranked as the thirty-third state in the Union in point of population. It is now the fifteenth. It is predicted that at the close of the present decade it will rank as the eleventh, and its present rate of growth justifies the prophecy.—*Kansas City Star.*

A Terrible Tale.

A green watermelon sat on a fruit stand,
Singing "Mellow, I'm mellow, I'm mellow,"
And a small boy stood there with a cent in his hand,
Saying "Mellow, it's mellow, quite mellow."
So he cut a big chunk out right out of the heart,
And he ate it all up to the hard outside part,
And they carried him out in a rag-dealer's cart,
Poor fellow, poor fellow, poor fellow.
—*Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.*

A Good Appetite

Is essential to good health; but at this season it is often lost, owing to the poverty or impurity of the blood, derangement of the digestive organs, and the weakening effect of the changing season. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a wonderful medicine for creating an appetite, toning the digestion, and giving strength to the whole system. Now is the time to take it. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla.

OUR WEEKLY SALAD.

THERE is no subject of more importance to the dwellers in cities than that of proper sanitary precautions in the construction of dwelling-houses. The danger from infectious and "filth" diseases can be largely reduced by securing proper plumbing, as is proved by the experience of the city of Baltimore. From 1830 to 1883 there was a yearly average of 226 deaths from scarlet fever, and in the latter year 334. This roused public sentiment, and an ordinance enforcing sanitary plumbing was passed. In the four succeeding years the deaths from scarlet fever were but 104, 68, 32, and 36. The result was the same in the case of diphtheria. The yearly average of deaths from this disease for the seven years previous to the passage of the ordinance was 409; the yearly average since that time is only 234. These statistics teach their own lesson—and it is that we can not be too careful in our city homes to take every possible sanitary precaution.

APROPOS of the "red haired girl and white horse" craze, why is it that red hair is unpopular? There are those who trace this prejudice back to the Middle Ages, when it was so strong that one writer denounces it as "the burning brand of infidelity." Yet there are numerous instances in history where renowned personages, of both sexes, were endowed by Dame Nature with chevelures of the hated color. Queen Elizabeth and Anne Boleyn are two noted instances in English history; while Columbus, the discoverer; Camoens, the Portuguese poet, and the ill-fated Marshal Ney, are examples in point among the sterner sex. Neither is it a fact that red hair is ugly. There are certain sandy hues that detract from the personal appearance of those possessing them, but in the greater number of cases, especially among women, it is, artistically considered, a beauty instead of a defect. Yet so strong is the silly prejudice against it that there is probably no lady whose hair is of "the hue that Titian loved to paint" who would not exchange it for some less marked color, if she could, even at the risk of detracting from her beauty in order to get rid of stupid jests.

THE task to which some of the bright Yankee inventors are addressing themselves is the contriving of a postal card with a flap that will turn down and cover the writing, so as to secure absolute privacy. This would be a good thing, no doubt; but why not reach the same result by reducing letter postage to one cent? There are two reasons why people use postal cards: first, their cheapness; second, their convenience. But it would seem that the cases in which privacy is a prime requisite could all be reached if a one-cent stamp would carry a sealed envelope, instead of a two-cent one—leaving the postal card to the thousand and one business uses for which it is so admirably adapted, and which caused them to become indispensable from their introduction.——No, this is not a sly "boom" for the Republican party, because its platform demands one-cent postage. The Salad-server does not meddle in politics, but is merely touching on the question from a common-sense standpoint.

THE modern hotel is almost a veritable town on the communal plan. A New York centemporary says that the carpets of a first-class hotel are purchased by the acre, while the furniture oftentime exceeds that owned by the inhabitants of many a country town. The time once was when any man could keep a hotel so long as he knew how to keep a bar, but the man who runs a modern hotel must be a Napoleon. The value of the first-class hotels in New York is estimated at $10,-000,000. More than 500,000 people are annually entertained therein, who pay on an average $2 per day for board and accommodation. An army of men and women, equal to five regiments in number, are employed in these hotels, while an amount of work is indirectly connected with their management sufficient to give employment to as many more.

IT is time that it should be understood everywhere that one subject for conversation in which contracted minds, limited common sense and tiresome talkers revel, viz: servants—has been tabooed in polite circles. True, people have been a long time in reaching the point of abandonment, but we should be too thankful that it is finally reached to quarrel about their slowness. Intelligent economy, that saves the purse, or the doings of kitchen or pantry is always in the worst possible form. Yet women who, like Mrs. Gilflory, have lived so long abroad that they speak American with a foreign accent, often find no more intellectual subject for an afternoon caller's delectation than the faults and failings of the kitchen in the most polite circles pull round every one of social pretense, so the happy day is perhaps not far distant when it will be as indelicate in company to talk of servants as of many other things.

A BOSTON exchange brings the interesting information that at a "lunch" in that city the other day, the question was under discussion as to the propriety of using finger-bowls at the table. A number of society women were present who had traveled abroad a good deal, and by them it was pronounced in very bad taste to place these toilet articles before a guest, except when fruit has been partaken of or after and only then, should the washing of the hands at the table be permitted, as at all other times it is not only in bad form but positively vulgar. Abroad, finger-bowls have been almost wholly discarded, and in this country are used in the best regulated households only, as before said, when necessity requires them. They should stand on the side-table, ready for use, and after the meal be set before such of the guests as have taken fruit, together with a delicate napkin, for cleaning the hands, as it is impossible to eat fruit without getting the fingers sticky; but an adult is supposed to be able to partake of the remainder of his or her dinner without soiling the hands.

THIS is the season of the year when all who are able to do so take a vacation, and seek a change of scene and surroundings—a proceeding which is, especially to brain workers, the surest and the best rest for the tired mental powers. Ministers need this sort of relaxation as much as any other class that can be named, but there is a popular prejudice that leads to carping whenever one ventures to do so. These advocates of perennial activity would let the tired preacher work supplying some poor church, and the Sunday school teacher taking a class in the Sunday school, and so on. Better leave such matters to every one to determine for himself. Some people are such earnest advocates of hard work for other people that had they lived 1800 odd years ago they might have found fault with Jesus for sitting on that well-curb talking to the Samaritan woman. They would have asked him why he was not in some synagogue reading the law, or addressing a camp-meeting in Judea? Blessed are they though sometimes ignored, that even the Master was tired at times, and retired for rest between whiles.

THE custom which has sprung up of late of the different members of a family going in different directions for their summer outing, often even husband and wife seeking different resorts, is one more honored in the breach than in the observance. It would be far better for the whole family to seek enjoyment as a unit. It is a great bond of affection and sympathy to have the delightful memories of travel that is to associate all that is novel and agreeable with a personal and domestic atmosphere, carrying home with you as you go. This is the way to prevent estrangements, to keep alive forever the earlier ties of love and confidence, to realize at all times that blood is thicker than water, and that strangers can never be all and to that one's own near kith and kin are. Whenever it is financially and in other ways possible to take all the household, it is for reasons that lie deeply imbedded in our very organization the wisest and sweetest and most beautiful thing to do. Stick together while you can, for death will thin the ranks in its own given time and season.

Leave hope behind,
All ye who enter here!

So ran the dire warning which Dante read on the portals of the Inferno. So runs the cruel verdict of your friends if you are overtaken by the first symptoms of that terrible disease, consumption. "Leave hope behind! Your days are numbered!" And the struggle against death is given up in despair. But while there is life, there is hope! Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has cured hundreds of cases worse than yours; and it will cure you, if taken in time. But delay is dangerous. No power can restore a wasted lung; the "Golden Medical Discovery," however, can and will arrest the disease.

Just a Difference in Men.

Talking about the value of backbone—especially these campaign days—recalls a sermon once delivered by a Tennessee preacher. "Brethren," said the preacher, "don't put Pontius Pilate down as a bad man. He wasn't a bad man; he was only a weak one. He himself would much rather have released our Saviour, but he couldn't resist the pressure of the scribes and Pharisees and the howling of the rabble. He didn't have any backbone. He wasn't bad, but he was a poor, weak creature; in fact, there was nothing to him. Brethren, if Gen. Andrew Jackson had been in Pontius Pilate's place that trial would have had a different ending."

THE SOLDIERS' HOME AT DAYTON

How Breakfast, Dinner and Supper are Served to 5,000 Men.

The pivot on which an ordinary household turns is the kitchen. This may not be a fact that it flatters our souls to acknowledge, but it seems to be universally true. As we eat, so accordingly do we sleep, converse, manage our children, write poetry and do works of charity. Let us then look into the back premises, as it were, of government housekeeping, and see how the goddess manages her household when she is not sitting in a brown study on a gold dollar. On one of these shady avenues in Dayton, Ohio, opposite a long row of brick barracks (by no means as ugly as the name implies,) stands a three story brick building, with a pillared portico along the front, which is the Soldiers' Home. This building contains the two dining halls, on the first and second floors respectfully, each 90 by 130 feet, together comprising an area exceeding half an acre. In the rear of this is the kitchen, a large, irregular apartment, lighted from the sides and from above, and with floor space enough to accommodate a mass meeting.

The bakery, bread-room, dish department and refrigerator are also under this roof. No pantry is necessary, as the food is kept in separate rooms, shelved to the ceiling to hold each day's portion.

The goddess is a thrifty housewife and starts the machinery at 3 o'clock in the morning. At that hour the kitchen and dining-room are aired, the steam turned on in the range, and the regiment of help begins the day's work. Breakfast is served at 6. An average of 4,000 men are fed three times a day from the general kitchen, and from 500 at the hospital kitchen. Imagine the work necessary to prepare a Friday breakfast, with seven barrels of mackerel, 54 bushels of potatoes and 560 gallons of coffee to be cooked and served promptly at 6.

There are 30 men in the kitchen department under the direction of the chief cook and his assistant. Some prepare vegetables, others cut the meat and the bread, still others make the coffee. They do not interfere with one another, nor do they waste time or labor or food. There are no grease spots on the floor, no unwashed cooking utensils, no visible dish-cloths. It is the true military order and neatness which admits nothing short of perfection.

Across one side of the kitchen, a range twenty feet long. This is used exclusively for cooking meat, and the quantity of roast beef for one dinner, about 2,800 weight, or nearly three entire beeves, is easily accommodated.

One side of the kitchen is lined with huge iron pots or coppers, heated by steam for cooking vegetables. On the opposite side is a row of stationary coffee boilers, seven in number, each holding from 60 to 100 gallons, and all filled and emptied twice a day the year through. Here is the way coffee is made at the Soldiers' Home: First, the boilers are filled with water and the steam turned on under them. Then, while the water is heating, the ground coffee is measured out of the bins and put into perforated tin receptacles the size and shape of wash tubs, one of which fits into each copper. This is on the principle of the French coffee pot, which requires no egg for the clearing.

The hash machine is run by a four horse-power engine. This machine has, in addition to the usual bewildering number of cog wheels and levers, five sharp blades which work very quickly in a shallow revolving cylinder containing the hash. Nine hundred pounds of corned beef and thirty bushels of potatoes are required to make the morning meal. The chopping takes three men and the above mentioned machine forty minutes to turn out the necessary amount.

All the eatables for this family are supplied on the same gigantic scale. A statement of the quantity of food required at the home has a Falstaffian ring which might well make a prudent chronicler hesitate unless supported by official figures. Forty-five pounds of tea every night for supper!

Seventy five gallons of milk are used each day at the general kitchen and as much more at the hospital. Seven hundred gallons of Irish stew are prepared for breakfast once a week.

Forty sheep are taken from the slaughter house to the range on each day that mutton porpoise is served. Eighteen barrels of flour are baked into bread and consumed every twenty-four hours. This reminds me of the bakery, which naturally fills an important role in the government menage. A large room redolent with odors of fresh bread, pies and cinnamon cake forms a vestibule, one might almost say, to the dining-room, and I stepped into it. At the time of my visit it contained no other pal furniture a long table completely covered with very appetizing pies. The baker informed me that the whole number for one day's dinner (of which but a small proportion was to be seen) required twelve barrels of apples for the filling, three tubs of butter for shortening and three tubs of lard for the lower crust.

The dining-room, or mess hall, as you must call it if you would be truly military, is a well lighted apartment, with long vistas of wooden tables, white and smooth from daily scrubbing, and like all the appointments of this household, clean enough to cheer the soul of the typical New England housewife. On the second floor is another room similarly fitted up. The tables in each room are to accommodate at one sitting 1,100 men, but as that is about one-fourth of the actual number to be fed, they have to be filled twice at each meal. A short time before the dinner hour all is quiet and orderly, the stools in rows, and the tables empty, except for the salt and pepper standing guard in the middle of each. Then the doors are thrown fully about, and one cannot help thinking they must have forgotten that 4,000 hungry veterans will besiege the doors at 12 o'clock. Suddenly a bell rings. You notice that a small army, 213, in fact, has gathered in the passageway from the kitchen. Each man carries a tower of plates, and, as the signal sounds, files in at each end down the center aisle and file off between the tables, distributing the heavy stone plates as they go with a noisy clatter. The next signal calls for knives and forks; then bowls, bread, butter, etc., in their order, and all are placed with very little confusion.

The seating of the first 2,000 men occupies just five minutes. When this is done the sergeant gives the order to "fall in for meat" or "potatoes," as the case may be. Twenty minutes are allowed for eating, though the men are never hurried in their meals. At the end of that time another bell rings, the men pass out of the hall, and twenty minutes more are allowed for clearing the tables and setting them again. Another bell rings, this time to fall in so short a time, but as I have watched the men I know it can. The first squad of waiters dash deftly in with wooden trays, on which they collect all the bits of bread. They are followed by those who remove the knives and forks, then by those who empty the dregs of coffee into buckets. Another row of waiters plie up the plates and stand waiting at the table for orders. When these have vanished there are others behind them, whose duty it is to brush off the crumbs and place the clean dishes on in the order I have described before. After the second set of men have finished their dinner and left the hall, the table and floor are swept, and everything is once more in order.—Charlotte Reeve Conover in *American Magazine.*

Diphtheria and Cats.

If mankind descend from the proper dignity of their nature to a fondling intimacy with beasts, they are sure to find, sooner or later, some penalty that is inseparable from every sort of what the Mosaic law denounces as "confusion." The following (says the London *Sanitary Record*) is an illustration of the possible connection between diphtheria in children and in cats: A little boy was taken ill with what turned out ultimately to be fatal diphtheria. On the first day of his illness he was sick (modern insular for nausea) and the cat, which was in the room at the time, licked the vomit on the floor. In a few days (the child meanwhile having died) the animal was noticed to be ill, and her sufferings being severe, and so similar to those of the dead boy, the owner destroyed her.

During the early part of its illness, this cat had been let out at nights in the back yard, as usual. A few days later the cat of a neighbor who lived a few doors further off was noticed to be ill. It had also been out in the back yards at night. The second animal, which, however recovered, was the pet and playfellow of four little girls, who, grieved at the illness of their favorite, nursed it with great care. All four girls developed diphtheria, their mother being convinced that they got it from the cat; and, indeed, no other known source of contact with infection could be discovered. It is easy to imagine cats catching an infectious disease like diphtheria when we remember how often milk and other unused food from the sick room is given to the cat, or by some people thrown out into the back yard for the benefit of their neighbors' cats if they have none of their own.

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She (after "Midsummer Night's Dream")—"I can't understand how the author could make such a beautiful girl love such an ugly thing as Bottom."

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IRRIGATION IN LOWER EGYPT.

Canal Built by Joseph, Who Was Sold by His Brethren.

How many of the engineering works of the Nineteenth Century will there be in existence in the year 6,000. Very few, we fear, and still fewer those that will continue in their far off age to serve a useful purpose. Yet there is no least one, great undertaking, conceived and executed by an engineer, which during the space of 4,000 years has never ceased its office, and on which the life of a fertile province absolutely depends to-day. We refer to the Bahr Joussaf, the canal of Joseph, built according to tradition, by the son of Jacob, as a thank offering for the many blessings he conferred on Egypt during the years of his prosperous rule.

This canal took its rise from the Nile at Asiut, and ran nearly parallel with it for nearly 250 miles, creeping along under the western cliffs of the Nile Valley with many a bend and winding, but at length it gained an entrance, as compared with the river bed, which enabled it to run westward through a narrow pass and enter a district which was otherwise shut off from the fertilizing floods on which all vegetation in Egypt depends.

Just as the modern miller diverts a part of the water of a river and leads it in a canal to his mill, to come along on almost level course until he can deliver it on to the top of a high wheel whose lower edge revolves above the river's brink, so Joseph prepared a smoothly flowing channel, of which the northern end stood seventeen feet above low Nile, while at the southern end it was at an equal elevation with the river. Through this canal was thus drawn a perennial stream which watered a region named the Fayoum, endowing it with fertility and supporting a large population. In the time of the annual flood a great part of the canal was under water, and then the river's current would rush in a more direct course into the pass, carrying with it the rich silt which takes the place of manure and keeps the soil in a state of constant productiveness.

All this, with the exception of the tradition that Joseph built the canal, can be verified to-day and is not mere supposition or rumor. Until eight years ago it was firmly believed that the design had always been limited to an irrigation scheme, which admits nothing short of perfection. Across one of the canals a large bridge of twenty feet long. This is used exclusively for cooking meat, and the quantity of roast beef for one dinner, about 2,800 weight, or nearly three entire beeves, is easily accommodated.

One side of the kitchen is lined with huge iron pots or coppers, heated by steam for cooking vegetables. On the opposite side is a row of stationary coffee boilers, seven in number, each holding from 60 to 100 gallons, and all filled and emptied twice a day the year through. Here is the way coffee is made at the Soldiers' Home: First, the boilers are filled with water and the steam turned on under them. Then, while the water is heating, the ground coffee is measured out of the bins and put into perforated tin receptacles the size and shape of wash tubs, one of which fits into each copper. This is on the principle of the French coffee pot, which requires no egg for the clearing.

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The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

CALE ARKINS' REASONS.

I've been a straight out Democrat fer more'n forty year,
En I reckon all the neighbors will think it mon-strous queer
When old Marshall Cale Arkins shell boldly up en say
That he 'lows to vote fer Harrison on next election day.

I calkelate they'll want to know the reason fer my votes,
En mebbe some uv 'em 'ell say that I'm a durn fool noospeak,
I'm totaly willin spoken, en I kin tell 'em all
The reason why I aim to vote for Harrison this fall.

I guess the neighbors hain't forgot my two boys, Tom and Jim,
Them boys is two good reasons why I 'low to vote forthim;
They 'listed in the war with him, en ther daddy
That Tom he left an arm down there, en Jim he's down there yit.

Now Tom he says that every fight that Harrison was in
He never give the rebs no show, but jist sailed in to win;
En when the fight was over en the battle had
The first among the wounded boys was Kernel Harrison.

I tried to get a pension on account of losin' Jim,
For I'm a gittin purty old, en crops is powerful slim;
En congress heard the claim en passed a thing they call an act,
But Cleveland wouldn't 'low it and sent a veto back.

An Tom he says thet every man thet's gone to furrin parts
To represent Ameriky was rebels in their hearts.
So when I see Tom's empty sleeve and think of Cale will vote for him.

I think them reasons is enough why Cale will

—*Omaha Republican.*

AN OLD WARRIOR

Recites an Interesting War History—A Mexican Veteran—A Free State Soldier and a Pigeter in the Late Rebellion.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—You ask contributions to your CAMP FIRE, but living out here on Kansas prairies, seven miles from wood or coal, as I do, I cannot very well afford to contribute any of that kind of fuel. One comrade a short time ago contributed a ham of meat, but hogs, too, are too scarce in Kansas to burn up meat, but my soul pile is full of clinkers, so the best thing I can do is to pitch on a few clinkers, not that I expect they will make a very hot fire, but I do hope they will throw up light enough to show

Question Bureau.

1. The true name and postoffice address must be given in all cases, but, when specially requested, they will not be published.

2. No attention will be paid to mathematical problems, questions of grammatical construction, or inquiries regarding the reliability of individuals, firms or publications.

3. Communications for this department must be written on a separate sheet, directed to the "Question Bureau," and contain not more than three questions. Do not ask a question and then proceed to argue it. If we can answer it and it is considered of general interest, it will be answered. It is useless to request an answer in the "next issue." The Question Bureau is always full, and we are usually two or three weeks behind.

4. This department is not intended to settle party politics or decide bets. Replies to questions are intended to be of general interest, and no one may hold us responsible for them. Do not request an answer by mail.

5. No question will receive the slightest attention unless the first and third rules above are STRICTLY complied with.

A Matter of Reference.

L. H. B., Postoria, O.:

Will you kindly give me the name of an editor who publishes a book of plays examines manuscript before refusing it?

This momentous query, so full of the fate of budding authors, is respectfully referred to the New York *Sun*'s office cat.

Tariff Information.

J. S. Allen, New Douglass, Ill.:

The BLADE is itself a complete campaign document on the tariff question. "The Tariff Primer," now running in its columns, will be found as thorough and reliable as it is concise. A question of political economy can be made. For documents in quantity address American Tariff League, 23 West 23d Street, New York.

Comparing Schools of Music.

Subscriber, Topeka, Kans.:

1. What are the points of distinction between the German and Italian schools of music? And which is most esteemed, (a) by the public, generally; and (b) by professional musicians and critics? The distinctive Italian school is bel canto, and is the inspiration of the beautiful, bright and catching airs, the tripping opera, and rippling cadence. The German School, deals with solid harmonies, and aims more particular at the classics of sound. Nature, then, is the basis of the Italian school is popularly favored; while (b) the professionals extol the German.

The Ill-Fated "President."

B. F. D., Latham, Ills.:

In what year was the steamship "President" lost?

The "President" was built in Liverpool, England, launched December 7, 1839, and sailed for her trip across the Atlantic, Aug. 1, 1840. Her career was very brief. She sailed from New York for Liverpool March 11, 1841, and was never heard of more, nor was any trace of her wreck ever discovered. Among her passengers were Tyrone Power, the Irish comedian, and a son of Duke of Richmond. His grandfather was a bust of Washington after Canova. In that month there were unusual quantities of ice in the Atlantic, and many icebergs of enormous proportions were reported. She encountered one of these in the fog and tremendous heavy weather which prevailed. A British man-of-war and two Portuguese vessels were sent to cruise in search of the President, but without result.

Who Will be President?

C. Parsons, Mechanicsburg, Ind.:

It is impossible to say "Who will be governor 'til after election." But in this Presidential campaign it is pretty safe to list the states and electoral votes as follows:

HARRISON.		CLEVELAND.	
California	8	Alabama	10
Colorado	3	Arkansas	7
Connecticut	6	Delaware	3
Illinois	22	Florida	4
Indiana	15	Georgia	12
Iowa	13	Kentucky	13
Kansas	9	Louisiana	8
Maine	6	Maryland	8
Massachusetts	14	Mississippi	9
Michigan	13	Missouri	16
Minnesota	7	New Jersey	9
Nebraska	5	North Carolina	11
Nevada	3	South Carolina	9
New Hampshire	4	Tennessee	12
New York	36	Texas	13
Ohio	23	Virginia	12
Oregon	3	West Virginia	6
Pennsylvania	30		
Rhode Island	4		162
Vermont	4		
Wisconsin	11		
Total	230		

Necessary to a choice, 201.

This is the electoral vote for the year 1884, except that this year the Republicans confidently expect to carry New York, 36; Indiana, 15, and Connecticut, 6.

Naturalization of Minors.

Randolph Dueodon, Richville, Mich.:

An immigrant settles in Michigan in 1859, bringing with him a son 16 years of age; after living here two years he "declared his intention of becoming a citizen," but goes no farther. Is the son entitled to vote on gaining his majority?

No. A child born out of the United States is a citizen if the father was one at the time of the birth of the child. The right will not descend to one whose father has never resided in the United States; and the minor children of persons naturalized, if the children are then dwelling in the United States, become citizens by the naturalization of the parent. The question of naturalization is a national and not a state one, as far as white foreigners are concerned, and is regulated by federal and not by state laws. The son must apply for naturalization papers. As the applicant was a minor under 18 years of age when he came to this country, previous "declaration of intention" is dispensed with and he was entitled to be admitted any time after he had arrived at the age of 21 years, as if he could prove a residence of five years in the country including the three years of his minority, and had continued to be a resident up to the time when he made his application. But the law requires that he must in every case have resided here between the ages of 18 and 21 years. In this case the failure of the father to complete the act of naturalization, leaves the minor in the same condition as though no declaration had been made.

Dinah Muloch Craik—Cleopatra's Needle.

Kate Bishop, Peterboro, N. Y.: 1. Give a brief history of Miss Mulock's life. 2. Was Cleopatra's needle standing when it was in Egypt? Please tell something about it.

1. Dinah Maria Mulock was born in Stoke-upon-Trent, England, in 1826, and died October 13, 1887. She was the daughter of a clergyman of the Church of England, and published her first novel, "The Ogilvies," in 1849. It formerly became popular, and her second work, "Olive," published in 1850, gave her a hold on the reading public which was maintained by her subsequent books, "The Head of the Family" (1851); "Alice Learmont," a fairy tale (1851); "Agatha's Husband," "Avillion and other Tales," and a number of stories and books for young people (1852). In 1857 was published "John Halifax, Gentleman," and a volume of poems in 1860. Since then have appeared, "A Life for a Life," "Christian's Mistake," "Two Marriages," and "A Noble Life," "The Unkind Word," and other Stories," (1869); "Fair France: Impressions of a Traveler," (1880); "Little Sunshine's Holiday: A Picture from Life," and "Miss Tommy," (1881). Besides these are a great number of fugitive papers, such as "Romantic Tales," "Domestic Tales," "Nothing New," "Studies from Life," "A Woman's Thought About Women," and several books for the young, including "Cola Monti, or the Story of a Genius," "A Hero," "Little Lychetts," "Our Year," "Bread upon the Waters," etc. In 1864 a literary pension of £60, about $300, a year was awarded to Miss Mulock, and the following year she married to George Lillie Craik, author, who died June 25, 1866.

2. The so-called Cleopatra's Needles, are two among the famous obelisks of the world, being about 70 feet in height, and 7 feet, 7 inches in diameter. They stood originally in front of the great temple of Heliopolis, where, after remaining erect for 1,600 years, one of them was removed from its pedestal by the Romans and floated down the Nile to Alexandria, and re-erected there B. C. 23. As Cleopatra had then been dead seven years it is difficult to see why they were named for her. For 1,800 years the sands of time and were buried in the sand until 1877 when one was taken to London and erected on the Thames embankment. The other was presented by the Khedive of Egypt to New York City; and in 1879 was successfully towed across the Atlantic and now stands in Central Park.

General McPherson—Gladstone.

E. L. Dillon, Benton, Ills.:—1. Please give a sketch of the life of General McPherson, who was killed at Atlanta. 2. What office in the United States is equivalent to Hon. William E. Gladstone's in England?

1. James Birdseye McPherson, Brigadier-General of the United States army, was born at Clyde, Sandusky county, Ohio, November 14, 1828, and was killed near Atlanta, Georgia, July 22, 1864. He graduated first in his class, at West Point in 1853. Entering the engineer corps, he was assistant instructor at West Point in 1853-4; was engaged on the defenses of New York harbor in 1854-7, and in those of San Francisco Bay in 1858-61; he became a first lieutenant December 13, 1858; captain, August 6, 1861; brigadier-general of volunteers, May 15, 1862; major-general of volunteers, October 8, 1862; brigadier-general U. S. A. August 1, 1863, for his great services in the capture of Vicksburg. November 12, 1861, he was aid-de-camp to Gen. Halleck, and chief engineer of the Army of the Tennessee, which he assisted at the capture of Forts Henry and Donelson, the battle of Shiloh, the operations around Corinth, the battle of Iuka, and the second battle of Corinth. In the advance through Central Mississippi in November and December, 1862, he commanded the 17th Army Corps, which formed one wing of the army, with great ability. At the battle of Port Gibson, the advance from Hankerson's ferry to Jackson, the 17th Corps fought the bulk of Johnston's army alone, and was conspicuous at Champion Hills. He repulsed the enemy at Canton, Miss.; was second in command to Gen. Sherman in the expedition to Meridian in February, 1864; and in the Atlanta campaign distinguished himself at Resaca, Dallas, Allatoona, Kulp House and Renesaw. He was appointed, March 12, 1864, commander of the department and Army of Tennessee. In the battle before Atlanta he had the left of the line. While superintending the advance of the skirmish line he was ambushed and shot. He was one of the ablest officers of the army.

2. The Hon. William Ewart Gladstone holds no office under the British crown. He was in Parliament in 1834 and was appointed by Sir Robert Peel a junior lord of the treasury, and 1835 under secretary for colonial affairs; in 1841 he was vice-president of the board of trade and master of the mint. In 1843 he was president of the board of trade; and 1845 secretary for the colonies. He became chancellor of the exchequer in 1852, which office he held, with some lapses owing to opposition successes, until 1865 when he became leader of the House of Commons and Premier in 1868, which office he held until 1874. But one of these offices has a parallel in the United States, the first of them being equivalent to the head of a bureau in the Treasury.

Tamerlane—Zola—Funny Chaps.

Quid, Syracuse, O.:

1. Who is or was Tamerlane? 2. Give a biographical sketch of Zola, the novelist. 3 Who are the greatest living humorists?

1. The word "Tamerlane" is a corruption of Timour Lenk, or Timour the lame, who was born of Tartar stock at Sebz near Samareend, April 8, 1336, and died at Otrar on the Jaxartes, February 18, 1405; he claimed to be a descendant, on his mother's side of the famous Zengis Khan. In 1369, after having given evidence of military genius he was made Khan of Transoxiana, and soon annexed or found a Mongol dynasty which should outdo and include the lands ruled by the great Zengis. He drove out the Calmucks, conquered Khorasan, overran Persia and made the Christian princes of Georgia his vassals. He pushed Russia as far as Moscow, turned to the south and captured Azof at the mouth of the Don. In 1398 he crossed the Indus and after a long march, during which he slaughtered 100,000 captives, he stood at the gates of Delhi, and penetrated Hindostan still further, but was recalled from the conquest of India by the rebellion of Bajazet, whom he had made Sultan of Turkey. After conquering Syria and slaughtering 20,000 Ottoman troops within the walls of Bagdad he met the rebels on the plains of Angora, and Bajazet fell into his hands. He now ruled all Asia from the Indus and Volga to the Persian gulf, and from the Ganges to Damascus and the archipelago. In the autumn of 1404 he planned an invasion of China, and with an army of 200,000 veteran troops he crossed the Jaxartes on the ice, but, instead of marched 300 miles when he died. He left 36 sons and grandsons and 17 grand-daughters, who managed to dismember the fruits of his conquests and divide his possessions in a very short time. The glory of his name was revived in his descendant Baber, the conqueror of India.

2. Emile Zola, the French novelist, was born in Paris, April 2, 1840. He was literally educated, and brought up in the publishing business in the house of Hauchett & Co. of that city. In 1865 he launched out into literature on his own account, and went extensively into newspaper correspondence and contributing to magazines. His principal works are Contes a Ninon, La Confession de Claude, La Voeu d'une Morte, Les Mysteries de Marseille, Therese Raquin, Marie Antoinette, Son Excellence Eugene Rougon, L'Assommoir, Une page d'amour, and Nana. He has also produced a comedy La bouton de rose, played in Paris in 1878. His novels are severely criticised as being immoral, but they are professedly designed to make vice odious by exhibiting it in its naked deformity and displaying its disastrous effects.

3. That is a matter on which we should hesitate to express an opinion. It is very like standing at a soda fountain and choosing flavors. "Bob" Burdette and "M. Quad," Henry Guy Carleton and Bill Nye, Mark Twain and Brick Pomeroy, Frank R. Stockton and Col. Burnhisticktick; shades of Hood and Hook and Lamb!—not to mention Oliver Wendell Holmes, than whom a warmer, more genial, sunny humorist never lived,—there is a list including everything from the pun, to the word meaning, to the highest conception of absurdity in speech, action and situation. It is easier to enumerate the living humorists than to say who is the greatest.

The Cabinet—Units—Dakota's Delegate.

Thomas A. Garrity, Caledonia, Trail County Dakota:

Will you please inform me: 1. Who are the members of the President's Cabinet? 2. What is meant by a unit of the third order as used in arithmetic? 3. Who are the representatives in Congress from Dakota?

1. Secretary of State, Thomas F. Bayard, of Delaware; secretary of the Treasury, Charles S. Fairchild, of New York; secretary of War, William C. Endicott, of Massachusetts; secretary of the Navy, William C. Whitney, of New York; secretary of the Interior, William F. Vilas, of Wisconsin; postmaster general, Don M. Dickinson, of Michigan; attorney general, Augustus H. Garland, of Arkansas. 2. That unit which expresses a low order of numeration, viz.: thousands. There are units, units of hundreds, thousands, etc., but no units of tens as they do not form an order.

3. Gen. F. L. Gilford of Canton, Republican, is delegate in Congress from Dakota. The territories have no representatives in that august body, but each territory is allowed one delegate, primarily to look after its interests in Washington, who has a seat in the House and may speak, but who has no vote.

Persecution of Quakers.

Mrs. J. C. Cameron, Indian Springs, Fla.:

Was there any personal injury done to Quakers by any other sect in the early days of America? What was the amount of injury done, and by what sect?

The Religious Society of Friends has been the object of as bitter, unjust and uncalled for persecution as disgraces the pages of religious or political history. To escape the rigors of the English laws of the middle of the seventeenth Century large numbers of them came to this country. In September 1660, Mary Fisher and Ann Austin landed in Boston from Barbadoes. The Puritan colonists caused all their books and correspondence to be burned by the common hangman. They were thrown into prison, stripped and searched for evidence of witch-craft; then they were tried and convicted of heresy and expelled from Massachusetts. Nine others who arrived shortly afterward were similarly treated. From 1658 to 1661, three men and one woman of the gentle faith were hanged; the story of the latter, Mary Dyer, who was hanged on a elm on Boston Common, June 1, 1660, is the saddest in all New England martyrdom. A general edict of expulsion and estoppal was enforced against them in Massachusetts for over fifty years. Rhode Island was their asylum, and in 1672 a Quaker Governor in the person of William Codrington. Virginia laws were modeled after those of Massachusetts. In Maryland they were not prosecuted on the grounds of heresy but as "vagabonds who refused to bear arms, from conveying with military discipline, from holding offices, giving testimony and serving as jurors." In Pennsylvania, the small number who preceded William Penn were compelled to some indignities, but after 1682, a great number emigrated thither and began to exert the influence which has extended to this day. It is difficult to specify the sects most active in the Quaker persecution, but in general ways, it may be said that the Presbyterianism of New England and Episcopalianism of Maryland and Virginia were most intolerant.

Miscellaneous.

J. W. Nixon, Sensburg, Ill. Ask the leading physician in your town.

A. S. R., Bryantsburg, Ind.: Superintendent Bellevue Hospital, New York.

T. S. R. Toledo, O: Your query will be replied to in the Farm Department.

L. R.'s question is inadmissable, even if we had the address, which we have not.

J. G. Keeling, Paddy's Run, O.: See answer above to "J. S. Allen, New Douglass, Ill."

J. Y., Commercial Point, Ohio: Any bookseller will furnish the information you wish.

S. A. Setzer, China Grove, N. C.: You had better write to some New York or Boston publishing house.

George Withers, Clay county, Indiana, and George B. Thompson, Rush Hill, Mo.: See answer above to "C. Parsons, Mechanicsburg, Ind."

W. B. Sutton, Newman, Ills.: There has been no uniform Harrison campaign hat generally adopted. Any headgear not distinctively battered in the Democratic manner will do.

S. H. Vernon, Corning, Kan.: What is the Republican majority in the Senate?

The Senate of the 50th Congress is composed of Republicans, 39; Democrats, 37; total, 76.

A. B. B., Lake Geneva, Wis.: To whom shall I apply for an appointment on the Government police on the frontier? There is no such force. Any recruiting officer will give you further information.

Mrs. J. W. McJohnston, Owensboro, Ky.: Please send me instructions how to organize a humane society.

Address the Toledo Humane Society's agent, 53 Adams street, this city.

D. S. A., Nevada, Mo.: Please tell me through your paper the meaning of the word Mizpah?

Genesis xxxi: 49. And Mizpah: for he said, The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another.

A Reader, Cicero, Kans.:

Did any one ever go over Niagara Falls and come out alive?

No. More than that, no trace nor fragment of any person known to have made the awful plunge has ever been found. Maybe you refer to the foolhardy attempt by Frick to run the rapids in the narrow channel between the basin of the Falls and the whirlpool in a boat. One man made the trip in a barrel a couple of years ago,

BEAUTY of Skin & Scalp RESTORED by the CUTICURA Remedies.

NOTHING IS KNOWN TO SCIENCE AT ALL comparable to the CUTICURA REMEDIES in their marvellous properties of cleansing, purifying and beautifying the skin and in curing torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the New Blood Purifier, internally, cure every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price: CUTICURA, 50 cents; SOAP, 25 cents; RESOLVENT, $1.00. Prepared by POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases." 64 pages, 50 illustrations, and 100 testimonials.

Dull Aches, Pains and Weaknesses instantly relieved by the CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, the only pain-killing plaster. 25c.

Long-Standing

Blood Diseases are cured by the persevering use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

This medicine is an Alterative, and causes a radical change in the system. The process, in some cases, may not be quite so rapid as in others; but, with persistence, the result is certain. Read these testimonials:—

"For two years I suffered from a severe pain in my right side, and had other troubles caused by a torpid liver and dyspepsia. After giving several medicines a fair trial without a cure, I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I was greatly benefited by the first bottle, and after taking five bottles I was completely cured."—John W. Benson, 70 Lawrence st., Lowell, Mass.

Last May a large carbuncle broke out on my arm. The usual remedies had no effect and I was confined to my bed for eight weeks. A friend induced me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Less than three bottles healed the sore. In all my experience with medicine, I never saw more

Wonderful Results.

Another marked effect of the use of this medicine was the strengthening of my sight."—Mrs. Carrie Adams, Holly Springs, Texas.

"I had a dry scaly humor for years, and suffered terribly; and, as my brother and sister were similarly afflicted, I presume the malady is hereditary. Last winter, Dr. Tyron, of Fernandina, Fla., recommended me to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and continue it for a year. For five months I took it daily. I have not had a blemish upon my body for the last three months."—T. E. Wiley, 145 Chambers st., New York City.

"Last fall and winter I was troubled with a dull, heavy pain in my side. I did not notice it much at first, but it gradually grew worse until it became almost unbearable. During the latter part of this time, disorders of the stomach and liver increased my troubles. I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and, after faithfully continuing the use of this medicine for some months, the pain disappeared and I was completely cured."—Mrs. Augusta A. Furbush, Haverhill, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

just before Capt. Webb, the English athlete, was drowned in attempting to swim them.

Miss Emma R. Finke, California, Mo.: Address same inquiry to Lee & Shepard, publishers, Boston, Mass.; they will be pleased to furnish you, promptly, with full information.

Ignoramus, Pittsburg, Pa.: Please let me know if it is customary to bring presents to a birthday party?

Yes. Such custom is in good form on all presentation occasions except weddings.

Anna Boylan, Hubbard, Iowa: Please tell me which state excels in ship-building? In the census year, last year, the order of chief building was, New York, Maine, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, California, Michigan.

Christian Carlson, Hannibal, Mo.: The permanent secretary of the American Association for the Advancement of Science is Prof. F. W. Putnam, Cambridge, Mass. By addressing him you will get the association catalogue, terms of membership, etc.

Walter Spiva, Cum Branch, Miss.:

When, where and how did the phrase "honeymoon," referring to a newly-married couple, originate?

The term was invented by Addison and first used, with its equivalent "honey month" in a paper contributed to the *Tatler* in 1710.

M. H. Byers, Mich: Why does a hen scratch even if placed in a bin of wheat?

A hen scratches not because she itches, but because she wishes, and the wish transmitted by the sentinel cerebro-spinal nerves influences to action the flexor and extensor muscles of the leg. In the hen aforesaid she scratches because that is the true ingrain habit of the hen.

A. L. P., Armathwaite, Tenn.:

Why is Wm. H. Barnum called "Seven-mule Barnum?"

In memory of the dispatch he sent Nephew Pelton on the Tilden campaign of 1876. "Sent seven mules" and meaning $7,000.

Irvin Will, Murphysboro, Ills.: Mackay, of California, is said to be worth over $200,000,000; old Cornelius Vanderbilt left only a beggarly $80,000,000; the late Wm. H. Vanderbilt departed from about $140,000,000; the late W. K. Vanderbilt is credited with $150,000,000.

D. B. Way, Syracuse, Nebraska: There are numismatists in all large cities who would be pleased to furnish you catalogues, any of which would be too voluminous for the BLADE to publish. We cannot furnish addresses in the nature of advertisements in this department of the paper.

C. E. Albaugh, Somerset, Ind.: United States senators are elected to serve six years, one being elected every three years. Therefore, from each state one senator has always longer to serve than the other, except on the one day when the two terms coincide, hence the "long term" and "short term."

John M. Wright, Monroe, Tenn.:

1. Please state at what time our era begins, at the birth of Christ, or at the time he began his ministry on earth? 2. Which is the first day of the week, Sunday or Monday? 3. On what day of the week did Christ rise from the sepulchre?

1. The birth. 2. Sunday. 3. Sunday; the Jewish "Sabbath" referred to in the gospels, was the Seventh day, corresponding to our Saturday.

J. R. Nye, Hartonville, Wis.: 1. Please tell how the red bandana became the campaign emblem of the Democracy; 2. and what does it signify?

1. There being nothing distinctive about the head of the ticket our Democratic friends were obliged to look to the tail for a popular feature, and as one of Judge Thurman's attractions lies in the fact that he tries to keep his nose clean, his red wipe was thrown to the breeze.

2. It signifies that the Democratic party will meet with a great blow next November.

Inquirer, Howard City, Mich.:

1. What is the age of Fred Douglass; and (2) how did he make his escape from slavery?

1. The Biographical Dictionary says he was born at Tuckahoe, near Easton, Talbot county, Md., about 1817. His mother was a negro slave, his father a white man.

2. If you would find an account of the method of his flight from bondage in Baltimore, September 3, 1838, to New York in his book, "My Bondage and My Freedom," we cannot better direct you than to write to him at Washington, D. C., for full information.

C. M. O., Arispie, Kan.: Did not President Buchanan appropriate the money of one of the foreign countries during his administration?

No. By Article I, Section 8, of the Constitution, Congress alone has power "To borrow money on the credit of the United States." Congressional and financial straits resulting in deficiencies in the government marked the tariff reduction of 1857, but no foreign government was appealed to for assistance.

J. T. Mayberry, Huntersville, N. C.:—1. Is Senator John Sherman a Roman Catholic? 2. Does the Blair educational bill favor social equality?

1. John Sherman comes from an old Connecticut family intermarried with the Stoddarts and both on father's and mother's side he inherits the bluest of blue Presbyterian blood. His brother, the good natured true General William Tecumseh Sherman, married a Miss Ewing, a Roman Catholic, and all their children have been brought up in that church; the eldest, Thomas, is in a monastery at Detroit.

2. No; not by a long shot; it is simply a crystallization of the maxim that in general education lies the safety of the state.

Orlando Nelson, Wheeler, Dunn Co., Wis.: (1) How much of a burden does an average ocean steamer carry? (2) How much coal does it burn per hour? (3) How much coal does a steamer carry going from New York to Liverpool.

(1) The first class trans-Atlantic steamers are rated at from 4,000 to 5,000 tons gross burden. The Cunarder Servia is rated 8,500.

(2) The average consumption of coal is from 60 to 200 tons daily, according to speed.

(3) Eleven days' full supply of coal is carried.

Addie Lowrey, Box Butte, Neb.: Who is Herbert Spencer?

An English philosopher born in Derby, April 27, 1820, the father of the theory of evolution and the most thoroughly analytical writer on sociology in the world.

E. L., Elk, Chase county, Kans.:

Please let me know (1) the number of electoral votes, by states, Blaine got in 1884, and (2) the main points concerning the Monroe doctrine of 1822.

1. See answer to "C. Parsons, Mechanicsburg, Ind.," above. 2. One of the most important public events of President James Monroe's second term was the promulgation, in his message of December 2, 1823, of the policy of neither entangling ourselves in the broils of Europe, nor suffering the powers of the old world to interfere with the affairs of the new. The President declared that any attempt on the part of the European powers to "Extend their system to any portion of the hemisphere" would be regarded by the United States as "dangerous to our peace and safety," and would accordingly be opposed. It is to this you probably refer.

The Democratic Platform in Brief.

San Francisco Post.

"Free wool, free trade, d——n silver, and the d——l take the workingman," is the present Democratic doctrine.

Glad of It.

Chicago Journal.

"The soil remains in its place," said Mr. Cleveland once, in a public speech. After election he will conclude that he does not resemble the soil.

THE LADIES' WORLD.

SOME LATE FASHION FACTS.

Beautiful Fabrics for Traveling Suits—August Bonnets—A L dies' Tailor Tells the Methods of Cutting and Fitting.

SUMMER TRAVEL.

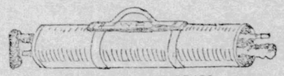
Women Should Dress Well While on Journeys—Some Useful Articles.

"So many women say, 'any old thing will do to travel in,' but I don't agree with them at all. I always make it a point to put on as good an appearance as possible when traveling, and I think it's the greatest mistake not to do so. Why, it stands to reason. Every one acknowledges the importance of dressing well at home in order to 'produce a good impression,' and, surely, if it's necessary there where every one knows you, it's still more imperative abroad, where no one does. Among utter strangers what has one to rely on but dress?

"I live in Milwaukee I may know that Mrs. B——, for instance, is a charming and intellectual woman, whose social position is as unimpeachable as her husband's bank account; but if I come from Detroit, and happen to travel to New York in the same car with Mrs. B——, knowing nothing about her, and if she be attired in a tossed and tumbled last year's sateen, or worse, a soiled and shabby silk, with a bonnet decidedly the worse for wear, an old gray veil tied tightly over her forehead, and a quantity of diamonds (which may be worn for safety's sake, but are none the less in bad taste), then I naturally form an unfavorable opinion of her, as I should expect her to do of me were I to appear in such a get-up.

A SILK BLOUSE.

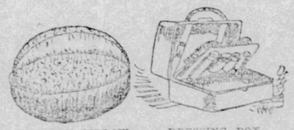
"A well-made, suitable traveling gown, a light tweed or pongee dust cloak, a close-fitting, becoming hat, and nice gloves and boots ought to be held indispensable by every woman who travels. For long journeys and for people who cannot be happy long without a loose, easy waist, there is nothing so nice as one of the new silk blouses to be worn underneath a dust-cloak or newmarket. A girl friend of mine, who leaves soon for Newport, showed me the other day her traveling outfit. She had a prettily draped skirt of very light-weight brown serge, a silk blouse of striped brown and cream color, a brown china silk hatter, tight behind and loose in front, tied with brown ribbons, a coquettish little brown felt hat, with a cream wing at one side, and long, tan-colored gloves.



A CONVENIENT HOLDALL.

"Then she displayed a beautifully fitted-up dressing-bag and an English 'holdall.' It is odd, by the way, that so few American women indulge in the luxury of dressing-bags. In Europe they are regarded almost as a necessities, yet we unsophisticated Americans continue to let our button-hooks and soap boxes knock about in our satchels at their own sweet will, and wrap up our brushes and combs in paper.

"What is a 'holdall'? A big piece of leather or canvas or mackintosh, fitted with pockets for shawls, books, umbrellas, and et ceteras, and made to roll up and strap. They are very common on the other side of the water, much more so than they are here. An Englishwoman never travels without one.



MELON PILLOW — DRESSING BOX.

"The traveling English-hwoman is altogether very funny. She usually has a headache, and she's always afraid of taking cold, and objects to having the windows open. She has a pillow for her head, and a water bot water bottles for her feet, and makes more fuss over a journey of three hours than we do over one of three days. It is not a bad idea, though, to carry one's own cushion, and be independent of those horrible sand bags which masquerade as pillows in the sleeping-cars. Some one has invented a 'melon pillow' for the purpose. Have you seen it? It is of down, covered with soft china silk, and shaped so that it can be carried in a holdall or a moderate y long satchel."

EARLY AUTUMN COSTUMES.

Rare and Elegant Displays from Which to Make Selections—Handsome Traveling Dresses for Silk and Wool, with Bright Color for Relief.

Although but a few weeks have passed since the first novelties of spring were announced, the day of surprises, so far as materials are concerned, is at an end, and a few importations of gauzes, tissues and rich fabrics to be used for the earliest autumn weddings will comprise the new goods which shoppers are likely to see during the remainder of the heated term. As leading houses always enter upon what is called "taking stock" when business declines at midsummer, many excellent fabrics are placed before the public at a great reduction of price, and this proves the opportunity of the year to the far seeing purchaser. The fabrics offered are the same which were so eagerly taken up in the earlier season, and therefore the advantage is entirely on the side of the discreet buyer, who will be likely to select materials that will remain in favor for some time.

For traveling suits the August supply of fabrics comprises nothing better than checked suitings with bits of lustrous coloring woven in among the miniature blocks. Newest designs show cross bars gray blue, russet, mastic, hunters' green, etc., with dashes of flame color, red, amaranth or brass yellow and dull gold. The handsomest traveling dresses are mixtures of silk with wool, with a little brilliant color for relief. Some gauzy fabrics show the exquisite tea colors that were worn by the last generation, the absinthe shade and the tint of the katydid's wing; also the blue shades seen in Susanna ware. Plain, old-fashioned canvas grenadine is again in favor and is made up with moire, with many garnitures of lace and ribbon.

For lace trimmed dresses the the surplice neck is now made extremely low, and the interval has a filling of figured net, or the lace ruffles lap and are fastened here and there with pins having beveled, fanciful heads. The square, diamond and lyre shaped necks which were in favor last season appear now only with toilets of formal character.

Bonnets composed entirely of crepe leaves are fashionable for midsummer. One exhibits leaves which shade from dead leaf tan color to brown, the garniture consisting of an ostrich tips curling over the brim so as to touch the hair, with an aigrette at the side. Flower bonnets seen this month have the crown of any fancy straw or crepe, while the brim is composed of any one kind of flower, such as poppies, moss roses or fine blossoms.

Black lace bonnets are associated with brilliant colorings, as, for instance, with green, red or imperial yellow, with rosettes of flower petals or large and showy blossoms. Gold lace is also used in combinations with black lace bonnets. Plain black tulle is again used, and is seen in puffed shirred and pleated dispositions, with or without strings, and a wreath of fine flowers in some one color, such as laurel pink, cowslips yellow, moss green or heliotrope.

Among bonnets the Empire shape prevails, and it has a row of lace falling over the edge. Here, as on other bonnets, the trimming stands bolt upright in the middle. New ribbons are in many different widths, the picot edge being somewhat discarded in favor of finely striped, shaded fallie ribbons, either with or without a satin edge. Bonnet strings may be broad or narrow, and tied either at the middle or at one side.

Capotes are still very small, and yet sufficiently large to admit of a generous display of taste and skill in the arrangement of garnitures. The fancy for lace or open work hats is revived, some of the latest designs being extremely large and trimmed generally with grenadine net and straw in combination with tips or fine French flowers. Frequently bonnets and hats will comprise two materials, such as gauze and straw or gold braid and embroidered net, and straw with gold passementerie, that is, the crown will be of one of one of these tissues and the brim of the other. Aigrettes of tiny flowers and small wreaths edge the brims of many of these hats. Some very dainty Panama hats are simply trimmed with gracefully knotted ribbon arranged at the back of the crown.

Fallie ribbons, either striped with white or several shades of one color, or narrow white and gold stripe, are much admired and may be considered the novelties of the season. Plain Pekin ribbons alternate with silk and satin stripes, while shaded ribbons are plain at one edge and shaded at the other, and light etamine ribbons show plain and openwork stripes. Low crowned hats are the rule, but as the trimming is piled up so high on the top of them the general outline is but little changed.

Fashionable ladies abroad are carrying parasols with long Directoire handles.

The very latest parasol covers are of crepe or soft silk and smocked to the very top, while the edges fall loose and free.

Coral red, high heled and pointed toed shoes are chosen to accompany gowns of both black and white lace.

THE LADIES' TAILOR.

High Art in Woman's Dress—Mysteries of the "Tailor-Made" Gown.

"It is a good deal more trouble to fit a lady than you would imagine," said a fashionable ladies' tailor, "because, you see, ladies are very peculiar. I have been in this business for years, and have had dealings with every kind of lady in this country and in Europe. How are ladies measured? Well, first they take off their outer waist, leaving their neck and arms bare. Then the fitter measures them from the collar to the waist in the back; the width of the back is taken at its widest and narrowest parts, the front from the base of the throat to the waist, next from the under arm to the waist, and then the size of the throat is taken. After that we take the measurement of the bust, waist and hips. That done, the inside length of the sleeve is taken, and the circumference of the biceps. The measure of the skirt is nebt taken, up, down and around. Then we have three fittings. First, in the rough; second, with more perfect linings; and lastly, when everything is completed."

"Who does the fitting?"

"Men and women. Some ladies will be fitted by none but men. They don't seem to like women about them. Some don't like the idea of wearing so few clothes and allowing men to handle them. Fitting is a rather embarrassing thing at times, let me tell you. Then women's vanity keeps a great many from allowing men to fit them, especially where the figure is not well rounded. Most of the ladies wear skin-tight web under garments, which show all the outlines and yet are not immodest. Good fitters practically command their own prices. They work only during the seasons, which are very short here, and they make $4,000 to $5,000 a year. They are born fitters, just as men are born poets and orators."

"How do you 'make up' a poor figure?"

"That's my art. For instance, a lady will come who is as thin as a rail, with no bust, no arms, no shoulders. We have to use cotton wadding to supply her deficiencies. That's where a good fitter comes in. A bungler would make her look lumpy, but an artist in his due turns her out a model. Then we suppose a big, fleshy lady comes along. She has an immense expanse of breast. Of course that must be broken. We usually break the bodice into four lines by a rever of the same cloth. Your eye can only travel from one line to the other, and before it has passed around all of them the mind forgets to notice the expanse. A perfectly plain bodice is very trying except to a perfect figure. In that event, of course, it only sets it off. It is not often I advise plain fronts, so few can stand it.

"One thing about American ladies is that they will get what they want. An English or a French woman will take the dress and go away. The American will tell you very plainly if she doesn't like it, and make you change it for her, too. The Americans are the most extravagant of all women. They want the very best of everything. I shall give you a little example: An English woman has her dresses always lined with farmer satin, an American with silk."

"What does an average dress cost?"

"It runs from $75 up. The cheapest fashionable dress cost $75, and it is very plain, indeed. I should say a fair average would be $250. Some dresses we make cost over $1,000. Last winter we made a dress of green velvet, trimmed in sable, which cost $1,500; the sable was really beautiful, and the effect was georgeous. Not long ago we made a court dress that cost $1,700. It was for an American lady who was going to be presented. I don't believe she used it after all, as the royal family is in mourning, you know."

A REMARKABLE STORY.

What is Said About a Religious Revolution in Japan.

The *Times* republishes from the *Japan Weekly Mail* a remarkable story from Japan. It is stated that the publicists of that country are discussing the propriety of an official adoption of the Christian religion, and are in a large measure in favor of the step. They do not, they say, believe in Christianity, and are even repelled by its dogmas, holding that educated men should be guided by pure reason; but they think the adoption of the Christian creed essential to the perfection of their own civilization, and to the maintenance of a moral standard among their people.

The Japanese, they say, have lost their old faiths, and it is indispensable for the safety of society and its development that they should have a new one. Without it they will never obtain that strong coherence and reliance on each other which is essential to a powerful state. Some of the reasons pleaded are of less importance than this last, which is not in the *Times*' narrative, one of those actually published being that only when Japan is Christian will its music ever improve, and we daresay most of the readers of the account set it down as a mere digest of purely academic dissertations by half-informed or over-speculative men. That, however, is not the case. We have strong reason, wholly independent of the account in the *Mail*, for believing that the persons who really govern Japan are discussing this proposal as earnestly as the publicists, and that although there is a strong resisting party, it is still by no means impossible that Christianity may be declared by imperial decree the official religion of Japan.

Some of the most influential counselors of the Empire are of opinion that such a step is essential to further progress in civilization, "which cannot be based upon weak materialism," and all implicitly admit that it would be possible, that the indigenous creeds are dying or dead, and that the body of the Japanese would receive the new faith with acquiescence, as something quite within the educating province of their rulers. Of the accuracy of this view we cannot at this distance presume to jud

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 2, 1888.

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For President,
BENJAMIN HARRISON,
Of Indiana.

For Vice President,
LEVI P. MORTON,
Of New York.

Circulation Last Week, 130,000.

STILL IT CLIMBS!

The boom in the BLADE'S subscription list, as will be seen by the above figures, still continues. The people are determined to have it, and the rush of subscriptions taxes our capacity to keep up with it. We find that our discussion of the principles of the tariff, in the "Tariff Primer," and elsewhere in the editorial columns, is very popular, and supplies the demand for information concerning the protection policy. We thank our generous friends for the help they are giving us, and hope to make the BLADE still more worthy of their patronage and esteem.

GOVERNMENTAL POWER TO PROHIBIT POISONS, INCLUDING RUM.

It is a frequent, though false charge, that the advocates of Prohibition wish to have the power to say what the people shall eat and drink. The true statement of the case would be, that they desire to extend the government's undoubted right and authority to forbid the sale of unwholesome articles of food, to prevent the vending of poisons, to stop the manufacture of deleterious things for human consumption, so as to include the manufacture and sale of Rum, in any and all its forms, as a beverage.

The right of government to do the things mentioned above is not only unquestionable, but unquestioned. The principle of governmental control is well established, as in the case of market inspection in our cities, where diseased meats, doctored butter, stale fish and vegetables, and other unwholesome food products, are confiscated and destroyed when exposed for sale, and the intending vendors fined. This same principle is illustrated by the laws that guard the sale of poisons to the public. But the fact is plainly evident to any thinking person that the greed of many people has become so great, and competition is so intense, that the time is at hand when this principle of governmental control and prohibition must be extended and made of more general application.

There is no desire on the part of any friend of Prohibition to circumscribe individual liberty; but the fact must be recognized that there is a very large number of people who will not protect themselves. They will not, or cannot, discriminate in regard to what they eat and drink, avoiding the unwholesome and injurious; they will buy whatever is offered in the market, be it adulterated or hurtful. This they do often through ignorance; or because they are careless of their own health, and unacquainted with the laws thereof; or because they are deceived as to the true character of the articles offered for sale. It is the acknowledged and plain duty of the state or the local government to interfere to prevent their being deceived by conscienceless vendors, greedy of gain. The state can prevent the adulteration of manufactured articles by imposing fines on the manufacturers, and by providing an adequate system of inspection to discover such cheating, and it is done in numerous instances. To regulate the quality of all articles sold for consumption is within the scope of the state's powers.

The state also has the power to restrict or prevent the sale of poisons, or of articles which, when eaten or drank, exert a distinctly injurious effect to the system. Opium is a drug which has the greatest value when properly used as a medicine; yet its improper use leads to the "opium habit," a form of intoxication as injurious as that resulting from the use of alcoholic liquors. Arsenic and strychnia are valuable in medicine, yet their sale is hedged about with legal restrictions to prevent their being used to destroy human life. Nobody murmurs at these restrictions; yet every step of the effort to restrict or prohibit the sale of Rum is met with the most bitter opposition, though the fact has been scientifically demonstrated that alcohol—and no one would touch any form of Rum were it not for the alcohol contained therein—is a poison, pure and simple; that its effects are in direct ratio to the amount taken into the system; that its use creates a craving for it, similar to the opium habit; that it dulls the mind, destroys bodily strength, injures and inflames every physical organ; and that its use as a beverage is a curse to those who indulge in it, and to the body politic as well.

Why, then, this outcry against governmental interference against the sale of this infernal poison? Why are men arrayed in behalf of the Rum traffic, the blight upon our civilization? There are several reasons, but they all have their root in either selfish greed or in ignorance, or in slavery to the Rum habit.

The traffic in intoxicating liquors is extremely profitable, and the men engaged in it are influenced by their selfishness and greed of gain.

There is a large class of people who are ignorant of the real evil of alcoholic drinks, and who assume that used "in moderation" they are not only innocuous, but decidedly beneficial. With this class the opposition comes from ignorance.

Then the men who are under the domination of Rum—those who have indulged until the poison has set up in their depraved and diseased stomachs that deadly thirst for Rum that can only be allayed by still deeper potations—of course oppose any legislation that would prevent their obtaining the fiery liquid that is slowly dragging them down to death and the dishonored grave of the drunkard. They oppose Prohibition as the opium-eater opposes the restrictions that stand in the way of his obtaining the drug; as the would-be murderer or suicide opposes the law which guards the sale of deadly poisons.

The most numerous of these three classes of opponents of prohibition is the second. There can be no aid expected from the men who coin gold out of the sale of Rum, nor from the weak and unfortunate class who have already become its victims. The work of the friends of prohibition must be among those who do not understand the nature of the deadly poison which is the active principle of Rum in all its forms, nor the full measure of the evils to the individual and to the community from the traffic. They must be brought to know the truth, and then they will actively unite in the effort to put Rum under the ban of the law with all other improper and deleterious articles.

Hence the work that needs to be done first is an educational one. We must get a majority with us; and not a mere passive majority, willing to vote for Prohibition, but active in seeing that the law is enforced at every point. Our plan of government proceeds upon the principle of the greatest good to the greatest number; it assumes that each individual knows what is for his good, and votes in accordance therewith, and hence gives the majority full power. The first thing to do in the battle for Prohibition is to obtain that majority in each and every state.

We deplore the misdirected zeal which wastes itself in the effort to build up a separate political party on this issue, thus from the very start injuring the cause by arousing partisan prejudice against it, instead of laboring to extend a full knowledge of the evils of the Rum traffic and the danger of indulgence in the subtle alcoholic poison on the part of the individual. Such effort simply postpones the day of triumph. The greatest obstacle to the progress of Prohibition is the lack of unity of effort in its behalf. When the masses are fully alive to the reality as regards Rum, not all the selfish fury of the men who are making money out of the traffic, nor the drunken opposition of its besotted slaves, can stop the movement to *Pulverize the Rum Power.*

THE TIN-PLATE INDUSTRY.

The Mills bill puts tin-plate on the free list. Now, tin-plate consists of thin sheets of iron coated with tin, of which fruit cans and tinned ware of all kinds is made. The duty, however, is still kept up on sheet iron without the tin coating, the lowest grade paying a cent a pound. Thus the article with more labor on it is admitted free, while the one made with less labor is subject to duty.

By the blundering ruling of a secretary of the Treasury, several years ago, the duty on tin plate was fixed at a lower rate than the duty on sheet iron; and Mr. MILLS has perpetuated the blunder. The consequence of the secretary's mistake was that the tin-plate industry was absolutely destroyed in the United States. An increase of the duty to 2½ cents per pound, the same as galvanized iron pays, would develop in this country an industry that would employ many thousand men, and lead to the development of the newly-discovered tin mines in the Black Hills. But Mr. MILLS prefers that these mines shall remain a wilderness, that no tin-plate shall be made in this country, and that we shall be at the mercy of the combination of English manufacturers which controls the entire output of tin-plate.

This country is the largest consumer of tin-plate in the world, taking nearly two-thirds of the entire product of Great Britain. Within the past six years we have paid to British manufacturers over $100,000,000 for this one article alone. SAMUEL J. RANDALL, in his speech in the House on this provision of the Mills bill, said:

> The value of the tin-plate imported during the year ending June 30, 1887, was $16,883,813. As near as I can learn, the total wages paid the British laborers in the production of the plate imported into the United States last year were about $6,000,000. Now, if this or such amount shall be expended in our own country, and that it shall go to our own wage-earners.
>
> The rate fixed would induce such extended manufacture, that in my judgment, by reason of competition and the law of demand and supply, the price would not be higher after twelve months than we are now paying for the same article, and would put the manufacture of tin plate where, by proper inspection laws, it could be done without additional expenditure which is manufactured for conning purposes. At the same time it would create such a demand for labor as to give employment to every idle iron and steel worker in the country, and thus enable the manufacturer to establish a rate of wages that would secure to the workingman reasonable remuneration and respectable livelihood.
>
> It would also give additional employment to labor in the production of coal, iron, coke, limestone and other materials. There were imported into the United States about 255,000 gross tons of tin plate in 1887, which represents 890,000 tons of iron ore, 360,000 tons of limestone, 1,000,000 tons of coal, 360,000 tons of pig iron, 5,000,000 pounds of lead, 25,000,000 pounds of tin, 12,000,000 pounds of tallow and palm oil, 35,000,000 pounds of sulphuric acid, 12,000,000 feet of lumber and in addition, the brick, clay, oil and other lubricants, handles, etc.
>
> It would require sixty-eight large works of five trains of rolls each, involving an outlay of $30,000,000 capital, and employment to about 24,000 workmen, who would earn at least $12,000,000 of wages. All this would be accomplished, I believe, without the least injury, within one year, to any consumer of tin plate in the United States.

CALVIN S. BRICE.

MR. BRICE is a Ohio man, residing in New York. He claims, we believe, to still retain his citizenship here, with the ulterior purpose of being a candidate for the United States Senate when the next vacancy occurs—the remarkable success of MR. PAYNE in bidding off the seat he now holds having fired the railway wrecker, BRICE, with a similar ambition. MR. BRICE, it will be remembered, is the chairman of the Democratic campaign committee—the sub-committee of the national committee. He is a millionaire, his money being made in the notorious Nickel Plate deal and other railway schemes of less importance. He is a director of one of the national banks of New York city, which bank, in the sworn statement of its assets and liabilities, at the close of business, June 30, 1888, as published according to law, gives the public a most interesting item. This item is to the effect that the United States is one of the depositors, to the amount of $1,100,000. The question at once is asked, How does the United States government happen to have such a deposit in Brice's New York bank?

Several months ago there occurred a slight spasm of stringency in Wall street, caused by speculation. The legitimate business of the country was not embarrassed; it was only the speculators of the stock exchange who had gotten themselves into a tight corner through tying up all their ready cash in margins. The Democratic secretary of the Treasury, however, was accommodating enough to advance to certain favorite banks some $60,000,000 of the people's money, loaning it to them without security and without interest, that they might make a nice thing by loaning it at good rates to the Wall street speculators.

Mr. BRICE'S bank was one of the favored ones, and the amount it received, as shown above, was $1,100,000. It is merely another of the profitable jobs in which that shrewd gentleman is engaged. The eminent fitness of the selection of Mr. BRICE to manage the Democratic campaign must be apparent to everybody, but his chances of success will not be increased when the people understand thoroughly the methods upon which he relies to achieve it.

THE BLADE'S HARRISON PORTRAIT.

Our portrait of HARRISON is the best one yet published. We are mailing this week some 25,000 portraits to those of our subscribers who are entitled to them by reason of having paid for it in connection with their subscription to the BLADE. After this date, any person remitting us 25 cents for the Weekly BLADE three months, may have one of these portraits free if they will ask for it in their letter containing remittance.

THE balance of trade has turned against the United States during the fiscal year just closed, our imports exceeding our exports by $27,890,527. That is, we bought abroad during the year that much more of foreign products than the total amount of our sales abroad.

WE want to send the BLADE to every friend of Protection in the land. Send for terms to agents, and get us up a campaign club.

THE THREATENED PARALYSIS.

The free trade issue was brought definitely before the country by the President's message last December, which was followed by the introduction of the Mills bill. Then the acceptance of the doctrine enunciated by the President as the issue of the campaign through the endorsement of both message and bill by the Democratic national convention, followed by the passage of the Mills bill in the House, have made the tariff question the one burning issue of the campaign. "Capital is timid and conservative," to quote an old saying; and the effect of the agitation of the question is beginning to be felt in the manufacturing world. No prudent manufacturer is going to keep his mills going and increase his stock of finished goods with the possibility that the election may go Democratic and thus render certain the change of our economic system from a protectionist to a free trade basis. He will run no risks.

The consequence is, the wage earners are beginning to feel the first effects of the threatened evil, as the wool-growers and farmers have already done. We quote a few examples to show the effect of the great free trade attack on American labor, American agriculture and American manufacturing industries. In Worcester, Mass., the Knowles Loom works, the Cleveland Machine company, and the Blaisdell manufactory of machinists' tools, have shut down because of the uncertainty. H. H. MERRIAM, the secretary of the first-mentioned company, says:

> We attribute the slackness of business wholly to the tariff agitation, which has for the time being killed the woolen business. Never before in my recollection have the Knowles Loom works suspended operations for more than one day at a time.

S. W. GOODARD, of the Cleveland Machine company, says:

> Business is dull. My trip in the West and South proves that the present depression in business is due wholly to the tariff agitation. Everywhere I found the manufacturers afraid of the possibility of the passage of the Mills bill, and the apprehension is as noticeable among Democrats as Republicans.
>
> The woolen business in this country now is more depressed than at any time in the past 22 years, and what will it be, think you, if the Mills bill should pass? We will then be compelled to either reduce the wages of our help from 35 to 40 per cent., or else shut down for good and go out of business. My statements on this question seem positive, but they are weak in comparison to those of Philadelphia, Baltimore, New York and Western manufacturers.

J. P. JONES, of the Blaisdell works, says:

> There is great depression in our business, and I attribute the lack of demand to the Mills tariff bill. We shut down last week for the first time since 1868. Business is in a very unsettled state everywhere throughout the country. It is remarkable how much of a falling off there has been in the demand for machinery; and the dullness, I believe, is due wholly to the uncertainty regarding the result of this Mills tariff legislation.

The great works of the Bigelow Carpet company at Clinton, Mass., having shut down, throwing 1,500 hands out of work. The agent, C. B. BIGELOW, says:

> The shut-down is the direct result of the proposal to admit wool free of duty and of the presentation of the Democratic tariff bill. Our mills are not the only ones, for the shut-down is general in the carpet mills all over the country. We manufacture Brussels and Wilton carpets principally. At Yonkers, N. Y., the Smith company manufactures Axminsters. They, too, are shut down. The Lowell company, at Lowell, have stopped their mills for a week at a time at least three times during the season. The Hartford company, instead of shutting down, run but four days in the week. The depression also extends to all mills manufacturing woolen goods, especially dress cloths.

In Philadelphia, thirteen mills have shut down from the same cause, and the example will be followed all over the country. The industries specially menaced by the Mills bill are the ones to take in sail first, of course. The knitting interests are suffering, and the mills of the Mohawk Valley, New York, are either stopped entirely, or running a short time to fill immediate orders.

These are facts, and they teach the people a lesson which the latter will do well to heed before it is too late. The free trade Democratic organs say all this is merely "bluff." Such a plea is nonsense. If there were a demand for goods, the mills would run steadily, as they have been for several years past. But the wholesale dealers and jobbers are not ordering their supplies for next winter's delivery, as is their usual custom. They fear to be caught by unfriendly legislation with those stocks on hand; and the retailers throughout the country are not ordering of the jobbers, for the same reason. The way to start the wheels of industry is to rebuke CLEVELAND and MILLS at the polls by the election of a President and a Congress pledged to protection.

THE BLADE SEWING MACHINE.

On the fifth page of this paper will be found our extended advertisement of the Blade Sewing Machine. We refer the hundreds of inquirers who have written to us concerning machines within the last six months to it for full particulars.

We have reorganized the factory, increased its facilities, and are now prepared to fill orders *at once.* Machines will be shipped within 24 hours of receipt of the order.

We are now able to fill orders for fifty machines daily, and anticipate a demand for them that will equal the factory's capacity, as soon as the harvest rush is over. Read the advertisement carefully, as it will not appear in the BLADE regularly, owing to its length. Send to us for a descriptive circular of the Machine.

SEND FOR CAMPAIGN TERMS.

We want to have every Republican voter in the country on our subscription lists for the coming Presidential campaign. Our terms to agents are so liberal that they can find no difficulty in getting every one to subscribe. Send for agents' campaign terms, and also a list of names to whom we may mail sample copies.

HON. WILLIAM DUDLEY FOULKE, of Indianapolis, is one of the leaders of the civil service reform movement in the West. He was a strong supporter of Cleveland in 1884 on account of the latter's pretenses in favor of this reform. Mr. FOULKE is, however, disgusted with CLEVELAND now. In an interview, published a few days ago in the Cleveland *Leader*, Mr. FOULKE says:

> There has never been a President more fertile in promises and more barren in performance.
>
> I feel satisfied myself that Mr. Cleveland has done the cause of civil service reform more injury than the most flagrant spoilsman could possibly do.
>
> The Democratic party is actively hostile to civil service reform.
>
> I think Mr. Cleveland's conduct has been positively and aggressively injurious, and I shall do everything I can to prevent his election.
>
> If any one supposes that General Harrison will be controlled by the clamor for office rather than by his own declarations and the official utterances of his party, they are mistaken in the man.

AID the cause of Protection to Home Industries by getting your neighbor to take the BLADE for the campaign. It is the best authority on the Tariff question in the country. Send for terms to agents.

THE Democratic St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* remarks: "Perhaps it was a mistake to put BRICE at the Democratic campaign committee." Yes, undoubtedly. The people are not enamored of plutocrats and monopolists, and won't vote with a party which is led by them.

ONE of the most remarkable utterances at the recent Democratic colored convention at Indianapolis, was that of one speaker who supports CLEVELAND "because the Republican party is unable to protect the colored voters in the South." Decidedly cool, that.

THE tariff fight is hot in West Virginia already, and the free traders in the little Mountain State are sick at heart as they recognize the imminence of the danger of the Republicans sweeping the platter.

THE Blaine men are hard at work for Republican success. There are no "coffee coolers" among them.

IT IS A STAMPEDE.

Day by day the list of prominent men who are deserting the Democratic party because of its free trade tendencies grows longer. The hegira from the Democratic camp into the protectionist lines has become a stampede. We give the following list, which we compile from our exchanges in this morning's mail, as a sample of the drift of the political current:

Ex-Representative Henley, of California, who was a Democratic member of the Forty-eighth and Forty-ninth Congresses, and who has always been a Democrat, has written to Representative Morrow, of his state, saying that he has concluded to support the Republican ticket. He gives as a reason that the Democracy has espoused free trade; that its present policy will prove ruinous to the interests of the Pacific Coast. He predicts that California will go Republican by a much more decided majority than Oregon.

William C. Van Alstyne, Democratic ex-mayor of Troy, N. Y., says: "I shall not vote for Cleveland and Thurman. I do not like the platform they stand on—the free trade platform. I wrote to Mr. Morton, congratulating him on the result of the Chicago convention, and assuring him that I shall cast my first Republican electoral vote for Harrison and Morton."

Orville B. Terwilliger, of Amsterdam, N. Y., a Democrat of high character and honesty, announces his intention to vote for Harrison, and says: "I don't propose to work against my bread and butter." The Amsterdam *Democrat* says the Fort Plain "woods are full" of such Democrats.

Hon. Henry Clay Conde, of St. Louis, a prominent and influential Democrat, will do his best to beat Cleveland.

The *Sun*, a Democratic paper of Bradford, Pa., has come out for Harrison and protection. It can not go free trade.

James McMullen, secretary of the Kings county, N. Y., Labor committee, has resigned, and will support Harrison and Morton.

The editor of the Cambridge (Mass.) *News*, who has voted the Democratic ticket for 36 years, can not stand free trade, and will vote for Harrison and Morton this year.

Gen. George W. Jones, of Dubuque, Ia., ex-U. S. senator from Missouri and Iowa, and one of the strongest supporters of the Democratic party in the northwest, has announced his support of Harrison.

In less than an hour after he was nominated, twenty-three Democrats of Huntington, Ind., by actual count, were wearing Harrison badges. They, and others, still wear them, and swear they will stand by him to the end.

DR. J. L. Barwood, mayor of Chester, Pa., the leading Democrat of that county for the past twenty years, has declared for the Republican national ticket. Joseph Messick and Peter Mundy, Democratic manufacturers of the same city, employing many hands, are also for the protection candidates.

Congressman Brower, of North Carolina, declares the Democracy of his state repudiate free trade and that the manufacturers will give Harrison and Morton the electoral vote by at least 10,000 majority.

William O. DeVay, president of the Indiana Paper company, at Indianapolis, and a lifelong Democrat, declares for Harrison and Morton and predicts 20,000 majority for the Republican ticket in the Hoosier state.

Richard W. English, of Buffalo, the Democratic city auditor when Cleveland was mayor, has declared for Harrison and Morton. He predicts a big Republican majority in New York.

Charles J. Bonsparte, who led the mugwump element in Maryland for Cleveland four years ago, has declared his intention to support Harrison and Morton.

Andrew Siebold, vice president of the "Old Roman" club at Columbus, foreman for Kilborn & Jacobs, has declared for Harrison and protection to American labor.

Jefferson county, O., reports the formation of a Harrison and Morton club composed exclusively of former Democrats. The flock masters are going for Harrison by the wholesale.

Henry L. Fish, a life-long Democrat and former mayor of Rochester, N. Y., has dropped the heavy load of Cleveland and supports Harrison.

The Philadelphia *North American* says that in making up the account of political chances this year the balance is immensely on the side of Harrison.

Hon. John G. Downey, ex-governor of California, is out for Harrison and Morton. He says Cleveland is not fit to be governor of an Australian colony.

Joseph Barbiere, an ex-Confederate colonel, of Doylestown, Pa., is out for Harrison, and will stump for the Republican ticket.

A prominent Massachusetts Democrat who has been visiting the interior of New York state, says he is astonished at the number of Democrats he meets declaring for Cleveland's defeat. He thinks that it is due to Cleveland's unpopularity where he is well known rather than to his free trade policy.

A citizen of Elizabethtown, N. Y., writes: "This is not a manufacturing town, but nearly every man is a protectionist. Last week many farmers sold their wool unwashed for 20 cents. Last year they received 40 and 41 cents per pound. Democrats of all descents are known who will change their votes this year."

Fifteen Democrats of the town of Jay, N. J., have decided to leave their party long enough to vote for Harrison and protection. In the entire county, of which there are only about 300 voters, it is said on good authority that there are thirty solid men of the Democratic persuasion who have declared for Harrison and Morton.

Morris Hackheimer, a prominent Wheeling, W. Va., manufacturer, has been a Democrat for the last twenty-five years, and during that time has worked hard for the success of his party. He announces that this year he will not only vote for Harrison, but will do everything in his power to help his election. The St. Louis platform and Cleveland's message caused the conversion.

A traveling salesman for a New York firm says: "Since the nomination of Harrison and Morton I have kept strict account of the number of Democrats who have confessed to me that they will vote for the Protection ticket—Harrison and Morton—to date, 169. . . . I fail to see how Cleveland can be re-elected."

The above, we take it, is a pretty good indication that the Republicans have only to push the tariff issue among the people to carry every Northern state for protection this fall, and possibly some in the South. The stampede has begun, and will grow greater as the campaign progresses. The must be, however, strong, diligent work done everywhere. It will not do to fold our hands and let the battle fight itself. The defeat of free trade must be made so overwhelming as to settle the fact that the people prefer protection as the permanent policy of the government.

AN ATROCIOUS SENTIMENT.

Six years ago, in a conversation with Hon. ORANGE NOBLE, Congressman WILLIAM L. SCOTT, the noted Democratic free trader, in speaking of the labor troubles of that time, said:

> We can never control the workingman until he eats up to-day what he earns to-morrow.

SCOTT carries this atrocious idea into practical effect in his coal mines. He pays lower wages than anybody else, and, so far as he can do so, keeps them from earning enough to lay by for a rainy day.

No wonder he is a free trader. That policy will cut wages down, glut the labor market with unemployed men, and tend to reduce our laboring population to the condition of serfs. SCOTT is a leader in national Democratic politics, and is devoting himself, heart and soul, to the endeavor to hoodwink the people into voting for CLEVELAND and his free trade ideas, in the hope that through the forcing of a free trade policy upon the country he will realize his remark of six years ago, and be able to "control the workingman" by making it a necessity for him "to eat up to-day what he earns to-morrow."

NASBY'S BOOKS.

We now have in stock all the published works of D. R. LOCKE, and can fill orders promptly. The demand for the "Cross Roads" letters in book form exceeded our expectations, and we have just caught up with back orders. We have announced on 5th page of this issue full particulars, prices, etc.

THE trouble down in Crittenden county, Arkansas, is the same old story of overriding the colored vote. The negroes in that county outnumber the whites seven to one. They are Republicans, of course, and have elected nearly all the county officers, the white people not having improved their advantages, as is customary in other parts of the South. A few mornings ago, an armed body of white men appeared at Marion, the county seat, and ordered the county officers out of town. The county judge fled. The county clerk was given two days to put his official affairs in order. Other officers were escorted to the railroad station, provided with tickets, and ordered not to show themselves in the county again. Accusations of misconduct are made against the colored officers, as is usual in such cases. But a presidential election is coming on, and Arkansas Democrats want Crittenden county to come into line. That is all there is in it.

SEND us the name and address of the Secretaries of all the Republican Clubs in your neighborhood. We wish them as soon as possible. Address, THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

PATENTED MACHINERY IN AMERICA AND ENGLAND.

A correspondent at Curlew, Iowa, asks us "an easy one" in the following:

> Please state why manufacturers of machinery can make machines here, ship them to England and sell them there for less money than they charge here? It has been stated that they make and ship binders and then sell them for $50 or $60 less than here.

The answer is, they can not, and *do not.* Many of the American firms manufacturing *patented* machinery, and who have secured patents, not only in the United States but in England and other leading European countries, have established factories in England to manufacture them, in addition to their factories here. The machines *made in England* sell for less than those made here; but it is because labor costs at least one-half less in that country. No machine made in America and exported to England is sold for less in that country than in the United States.

Take sewing machines, for instance. The Singer machines, which sell here for $40 to $50, according to finish, retail in England at from five to seven guineas, or, in dollars, from $26 to $37. We take the latter figures from the advertisements in the London papers. But those made in England are made at the Singer branch factory at Coventry, England, which establishment probably makes more sewing machines and bicycles than any other single factory in the world. The sole reason the machines made there sell cheaper in England than those made at the American factory are sold here, is because wages are so much less there than here. Wages in the Coventry factory are from $8 to $10 a week; in America the workingmen in the Singer factory average about $20 a week.

We have seen the same statement that our correspondent gives made concerning agricultural machinery—harvesters, in particular. So far as we can learn, the case is exactly the same as with sewing machines. They have English factories, and the machines turned out there are sold for less than similar machines, made in this country, are sold for here. The difference in the cost of labor is the reason.

But our correspondent must bear in mind that all these machines are patented both here and in Europe, and hence the men owning the patents have a monopoly of the patented device. It is said that the actual cost of manufacture of the Singer machine is $14 in this country and between $8 and $9 in England. The pushing sewing machine canvasser who calls at your house is paid by commission, which ranges from 40 per cent., if cash is paid, to 30 per cent. if bought on the installment plan. That leaves only $30 to the agency. The expenses of the agency include advertising, rent, several teachers, delivery wagons, collectors, manager, clerks, interest, repairs, etc., which eat up the difference between this and the wholesale price at the factory. Nearly the same system is pursued in the sale of agricultural machinery and many other patented articles.

It is further to be remembered that it would make no difference to the consumer here if the English machine was admitted duty free, for the agency system and the price are maintained by an agreement-trust or combine among the sewing machine makers. But it would make a great deal of difference to the workers in machine factories East, for the manufacturers would ship their plant to England and do all their manufacturing there if machines made in that country could be brought here free of duty.

FREE TRADE OR PROTECTION?

The Democratic press, in declaring that the attitude of that party is not free trade, is dishonest one. The "condition which confronts us," to quote MR. CLEVELAND, is that our revenue is greater than our expenditures. The question to be solved is, how that revenue shall be reduced.

The Republican programme is, to abolish the internal revenue tax on tobacco and on alcohol used in the arts, and to make the further necessary reductions by a revision of the tariff, preserving its protective feature in the interests of American industries and American workingmen.

The Democratic programme, as enunciated in the President's message and formulated in the Mills bill, is to place a number of important products, including wool, on the free list, and to make a large reduction in the duties on others, thus destroying protection as regards these American industries, which are among the most important carried on in this country. This is distinctively a step, and a long one, in the direction of free trade. It is a blow at the protective theory. The question before the people, to be decided at the November election, is which line of policy shall be pursued—the one that destroys protection, or that which preserves it, and all the ingenious pleas that can be made will not hoodwink the intelligent people of this country as to the truth.

IT is a striking commentary on the carelessness with which legislation is sometimes enacted, that though there is a law of Congress prohibiting the importation of laborers under contract, there is no legal authority for returning such persons to their European homes, and no money appropriated for paying the expense of doing so. The secretary of the treasury says it will require an appropriation of $50,000 for this purpose, and also suggests an amendment to the present law, authorizing the return of such persons at the expense of the vessel bringing them. The Congressional committee recently appointed for the purpose of investigating the violation of the immigration law will begin its work by taking up the subject of Italians coming into New York city, and later will visit the Pacific coast and look into the alleged violations of the Chinese immigration act. It can not too soon accomplish its work and report to Congress. The feeling is rapidly growing that there shall be an effectual stop be put to this country being used as a dumping ground for foreign human rubbish.

APROPOS of the proposition to put woo on the free list, the report of Consul GRIFFIN, from Sydney, New South Wales, is timely. This shows, in brief, that there has been the enormous increase in the annual wool clip from 743,000 bales in 1872 to 1,440,000 bales in 1887; while the value shows a correspondingly heavy decrease, a bale averaging $128.95 in 1872, against an average of $68.13 last year. The average price for the sixteen years is $88.59, and the lowest price $65.69, in 1886. In the face of such competition, the removal of the duty contemplated by the Mills bill means the utter destruction of wool growing in this country.

THE Atlanta *Constitution*, the leading Democratic paper of Georgia, in an editorial article, thus remarks on Northern Democracy:

> The Republicans of the North represent the wealth and refinement of their people. They constitute their best society. The Democratic party of the North has got over 75 per cent. of all the ragtag and bobtail elements in it—all the scum of immigration that lands at the Battery.

THE chances are that the next House of Representatives will have a Republican majority. The Democratic plurality in the present House is only fifteen, and their majority in a number of districts was a very narrow one. A strong effort should be made by the Republicans to elect a protectionist member from every close district.

MR. BLAINE will arrive in this country on August 7. The First Citizen of the Republic will receive an ovation that will become historic.

THE BLADE'S CAMPAIGN "BOOM."

The Presidential campaign this year is proving the truth of the prediction that this is to be a "boom" one for HARRISON and Protection. The Republicans are wide awake, and "booming" the cause of American industries, American labor, good wages and national prosperity; and the workingmen, the farmers, the hardy toilers in field, and mill, and mine, and forge, are flocking to the Republican standard, in order to defeat, by their votes, the British free trade policy of the Democratic party.

The BLADE is also experiencing a well-defined boom. We printed 125,000 copies last week, and the subscriptions still pour in. Every mail brings in clubs ranging from 20 to 200 names. The people desire to understand the tariff issue, and the BLADE is the fearless and outspoken champion of the policy of the Protection of the people against pauper labor, pauper wages, and Democratic free trade folly.

Go on, friends! There is no better family paper printed than the Weekly BLADE, and no stronger and more energetic advocate of Republican principles. It is the best campaign document which it is possible to put into the hands of voters. Let every reader who wishes to aid the cause of Republicanism and protection start out to help the campaign by getting up a club. Show the paper; it speaks for itself to every intelligent person. Send us the names of your neighbors, to whom we may send sample copies. The "Tariff Primer" is invaluable for campaign purposes. You aid the Republican cause, and you do good to your friends and to your community, by aiding in the circulation of the BLADE. Send for agents' terms.

GAG LAW DOWN IN DIXIE.

A correspondent, writing from Clay county, Alabama, makes the following statement:

> There are but very few Republicans here. These "cotton-mouth" Democrats are very insulting. The Republicans have no showing here at any of the elections. Republicans will not be allowed to speak in this part of the country. They will do all they can for HARRISON and Morton, but it will not be counted.

This correspondent incloses a clipping from the Clay County *Advance*, a Democratic sheet, of course, which we reproduce as showing the sort of political news dished up to the back-county Bourbons:

> In 1876, when a great strike was in progress in Indiana, Gen. Harrison begged governor Williams to order troops and shoot down the strikers. The governor, an honest Democrat, refuse to do so, giving as his reason the fact that the strikers were peaceable and that there was no occasion for such harsh measures. Gen. Harrison then took command himself and if so as to have it ready for use against the strikers if the government would permit.
>
> He also said on this occasion, "Were I the governor, I'd force those men back to work or shoot them down on the spot," and on another occasion he said, "A dollar a day and two meals are enough for any workingman."
>
> Gen. Harrison is something of an aristocrat, and he has taken no pains to conceal his dislike and hatred for workingmen, and it is not strange that in Indiana, where his views are known, the working people, irrespective of party, will oppose him.

The truth regarding the strike of 1877 is as follows: The people of Indianapolis, fearing a repetition of the incendiarism and violence which had just occurred at Pittsburg, held a public mass meeting and appointed a citizens' committee, on which were such leading Democrats as MCDONALD, and such Republicans as HARRISON. Several companies of militia were raised by orders of this committee, and placed under command of men who had been officers in the volunteer service. HARRISON was captain of one of these companies. "Blue Jeans" WILLIAMS, the Democratic governor of the state, was in full sympathy with the movement for maintaining public order, and gave authority for these companies to be raised to preserve the peace. HARRISON never asked WILLIAMS "to order out troops," or to "shoot down the strikers;" nor did he say that, were he governor, he would "force the men back to work or shoot them down on the spot." No Indiana Democrat ever made such a charge. It is a malicious lie. On the contrary, HARRISON was prominent in obtaining the release of some two hundred strikers who had been imprisoned for violating the peace, and it was chiefly through him that they were liberated. He is recognized as a friend of labor, and the visit of nearly 1,000 railway employes to him the orther day shows this friendly feeling.

The absurd lie that HARRISON said that "a dollar a day is enough for any workingman" has been dropped by Northern Democrats. The Democratic organ at Indianapolis acknowledges that the charge is groundless. The statement that HARRISON is an "aristocrat," and takes "no pains to conceal his dislike of workingman," is simply laughable to any resident of Indianapolis, Democrat or Republican. He is a plain, quiet, unostentatious gentleman of moderate means, living by the practice of his profession, the law, and highly esteemed by every one in the city of his residence.

WE WANT CAMPAIGN AGENTS.

We offer better terms than any other paper for campaign subscribers to the BLADE. Those who wish to make a neat sum with but little exertion are requested to write to use at once for agents' terms for campaign subscriptions. Send also a list of names of persons to whom we may mail sample copies.

HERE is a little synopsis of the sectional feature of the Mills bill that should be kept before the people:

Louisiana sugar	68 per cent. duty
Southern rice	100½ per cent. duty
Northern lumber	no duty
Northern wool	no duty
Northern salt	no duty
Northern beans and peas	no duty
Northern vegetables	no duty
Northern flax, not dressed	no duty
Northern brick	no duty
Northern lime	no duty

THE painful rumor comes from Washington that CAL BRICE has read the riot act to CLEVELAND and his factotum, DAN LAMONT, that the campaign is not to be run from the White House this year; that he is the chairman and manager, and proposes to attend to the thing himself. There is a prospect of a lovely row between the chairman and the candidate.

THE Michigan Democrats are not in good shape to keep up the cry against corporations and monopolies, on which their party claims a patent. Their candidate for governor is a millionaire mill-owner, for state treasurer a bank president, and every other place on the ticket, save one, a capitalist of some kind.

ALLEN G. THURMAN, in a speech on Chinese immigration, made in the United States Senate in 1879, said:

> It might be advantageous as furnishing a set of cheap and efficient laborers.

We fancy MR. THURMAN'S position on the Chinese question is open to doubt.

SEND us lists of names of people who do not take the BLADE, that we may send them sample copies, and thus aid you in getting up a campaign club.

IF the MILLS bill is not a free trade measure, why are all the avowed free traders in favor of it?

A VOICE FROM COLORADO.

Hon. GEORGE Q. RICHMOND has been one of the leaders of the Democracy of Colorado for the past fifteen years. The fact has been mentioned that he was opposed to CLEVELAND'S renomination and to the Mills free trade bill; but it now appears that he is determined to oppose both effectively in the coming campaign, by casting his influence and his vote for HARRISON and protection. In reply to a notification of the coming meeting of the Democratic Central committee of Colorado, from the chairman, JAMES F. MATTHEWS, of Denver, he wrote a letter just before the Chicago Convention which makes an interesting contribution to the literature of the campaign. We reproduce the chief portions:

> For you, personally, and very many others, I have unlimited respect, but for the Democratic party I have none. I have severed my connection with the organization, and transferred my affections and loyalty to the Republican party, and from now on will be found with that column, if I can carry a torch. My faith in the sincerity of Democratic professions and platforms has entirely exuded, and I bid farewell to those things I loathe, i. e., free trade, demoralized silver, and Grover Cleveland, and go to those things I most love—protective tariff, gold and silver as money, the expenditure of our surplus in the United States treasury in payment of our national debt, and for great national objects for which a warrant can be found in the constitution; freedom from Canadian seizure of American fishermen; home rule in Ireland, and for any man whom the Chicago convention may nominate.
>
> I am for New England and against Old England—for America against Great Britain or any and all foreign nations—for my country first, last always. I prefer the Republican club of America to the Cobden club of England. I relish the products of American farms under protection, but dislike the products of English farms under free trade. I am opposed to any measure, called by any name, that places wool, salt, lumber, hemp, flax, peas, beans, cabbages, potatoes, seeds, fruits, and vegetables on the free list, while England protects figs, prunes, tobacco, tea, raisins, coffee, cocoa, currants, plate, beer, wine, and spirits.
>
> I am opposed to chinese cheap labor, and therefore oppose

A TARIFF PRIMER.

X.—The Wages Question.

It is a fact, as shown in the previous section, and one admitted by honest free traders, that wages are higher here, all along the line, than they are in England and Europe. It may interest the readers of the BLADE to recount what a free trader said to the writer in private conversation a few days ago, on this point. "Of course the reduction of the tariff will either shut up some factories and mills, or compel the workmen to take lower wages; and free trade—absolute free trade—would either shut them all up, or compel a reduction of wages to the European standard. And that is what I want. Demand and supply should regulate the wages question, and I don't want to pay a cent more than I otherwise would to keep wages higher than their natural level." It may be said that this gentleman is an importer.

We may regard the point as settled, that the tariff is the chief reason why wages are higher here than in Europe. But now comes an inquiry from Bradford, Pa., to this effect:

Here is the argument which the Democratic-English free trader is continually throwing in our teeth: If protection is such a good thing to enhance wages, why are wages so low in all the highly protected countries of Europe? If protection governs wages, why does free trade England pay higher wages than any of the highly protected countries of Europe? Please explain.

The "Democratic English free trader" is careful to be quite general in his statement, we notice, in his remarks upon this topic. Would it not be well for him to give the facts as to the difference between wages in England and the other countries of Europe wherein he says wages are "so low?" Let us give them:

In the year 1877, the department of State at Washington addressed instructions to our consuls in Great Britain and the other countries of Europe to ascertain a number of economic facts, among them the average rate of wages usually paid to working people of every class. The replies were published in the Consular Reports for 1879. The results show that the comparative rate is as follows:

Rate in the United States	1.00
" " Great Britain	.50
" " France, Germany and Denmark	.39½
" " Belgium	.48
" " Italy and Spain	.30

These figures are comparative. They show that for every dollar the laborer receives in the United States, a laborer performing similar work in Great Britain is paid only half as much; one in France, Germany or Denmark only one-third as much; one in Belgium less than half as much, and one in Italy or Spain less than one-third as much.

Comparisons are made between wages and labor in the United States and in England because the two peoples are alike. We have the same customs, the same language, the same ideas, the same mode of life. A comparison with any other nation can not be a just one, without taking the differences caused by different customs and modes of life into consideration.

It is to be remembered, first, that in none of these countries is the protective system as complete as our own. The protective policy works *upward* all the time as regards the condition of the working class, but it can not work miracles. Time is an essential factor in its processes, as in anything else. The German tariff, for instance, was imposed in 1879, and from that time to 1882, there was a 15 per cent increase in wages. The general tendency in all protected industries, there and elsewhere in Europe, is to higher wages and the improvement of the condition of the working classes.

We, in this favored land, started in on our protective system from a higher plane than the peasant labor of Europe occupied as their initial point. The daily life of our people was on a higher level, and the aspirations of the individual are favored by our free institutions, aiming for personal freedom and equal rights. Our people are not willing to accept hopelessly the outlook of a life of grinding toil at pauper pay, with no prospect of improving their condition.

It is also to be remembered that, in all the countries of continental Europe, the number of women and children who are regularly employed at labor, which is here performed by men, is enormously larger in proportion than with us; that there is constantly a surplus of labor in these densely-populated countries, and that the law of supply and demand has its effect in increasing or decreasing the wage-rate in protected as well as free trade countries. There are fluctuations in the rate of wages here from this cause, even though our population is not nearly so dense as it is in Europe. The thermometer rises and falls from variations in the weather in the summer as well as in winter; but it is constantly higher in the former. This illustrates the effect of protection on wages. The free traders desire to bring winter upon the wages thermometer.

Let us now take the other side of our free trade question. If free trade is the thing for which our working people should hunger, will our free trade friends tell us why the wages in the iron industries of Great Britain are now lower than they were in 1866? Here are the rates for that year, as reported by Mr. HEWITT, now mayor of New York, and one of the heaviest iron and steel manufacturers in the world, and those for this year, as stated by Prof. PORTER:

	1866.	1888.
Puddlers, first hands, per day	$1.54	$1.20
Puddlers, second hand, per day	1.20	.75
Furnacemen, first hands, per day	1.68	1.50
Furnacemen, second hands, per day	.84	.80
Laborers, per day	.04	.68
Average per day	$1.26	.99

As will be seen, the rate is now 21 per cent. lower than it was in 1866. If free trade theories are good for anything, wages should have either remained firm or else have advanced. Yet the fact is that they have fallen one-fifth. What caused this fall? The erection of great iron and steel works in Belgium and Germany, where the labor was so cheap that to prevent being driven from the business the British iron masters were obliged to cut down wages, and the men, appreciating the stress of the competition, knew there was no alternative except starvation. As the cheap labor on the continent has so reduced wages in England, ought we not to apprehend that the lowering of our tariff would invite like competition and produce like results? How can we hope to escape the effects of such a competition? It is a fact that cheap labor in Norway and Sweden in the production of charcoal bloom iron has already closed 135 furnaces in the Lake Champlain district of New York, leaving only 40 now in partial operation.

XI.—What Causes Demand?

Congressman S. S. Cox, in a recent free trade speech in the House of Representatives, said:

Wages are a matter entirely irrelevant to the discussion of tariff, depending upon the law of demand, and the circumstances, situation and resources of the country.

We agree that wages depend upon "the law of demand, and the circumstances, situation and resources of a country." That is all correct, but it is not true that the tariff has nothing to do with it.

The tariff makes the demand.

A protective tariff is that very law of demand, and if wages depend upon the law of demand, and if a protective tariff is that law, then wages depend upon protection. It is as clear as daylight that American working people cannot earn wages on articles which at home, and every article that is imported that can be produced or manufactured in this country takes away just that much demand at home, and not only lowers the wages, but takes them away entirely. There is no theory about this—it is pure fact. "The industry of the country is the bulwark of the nation, and when it is destroyed no legitimate business can prosper." The way to destroy it is to admit foreign products and manufactures free of duty. All of us who work for wages must determine whether free foreign products and throwing out of employment all the American workers in said industries and crowding them into other trades is going to give more work or less work at home. Don't lose sight of the fact that wages "depend upon the law of demand." Our business is to find out what increases the demand for workers to work, and what increases the demand for work from workers.

XII.—Some Questions for Free Traders.

Will some of our friends who are being questioned by the free trade Democrats turn the tables on them by demanding the answers to a few questions of their own? Here are some queries which were propounded by ROBERT P. PORTER, which have *never been answered* by the free traders. The statements involved in them are *facts*. When any free trader can show that these things are not chargeable to free trade, and can explain what does cause them satisfactorily, it will be time for them to resume questioning:

Why an official report recently published by the London *Daily Telegraph* shows that 30 per cent. of the children of British workmen in London go to school every morning without a mouthful of food?

Why half-penny (one cent) dinners for school children failed in Birmingham and other industrial centres, because the children could not procure money to pay for them?

Why thousands of men are constantly walking the streets of the great industrial centres of England without food or work?

Why more than 1,000,000 in a population of 35,000,000 are out of work under free trade?

Why does John Bright admit that under free trade the English farmer has lost in recent years $1,000,000,000?

Why does Joseph Arch admit that in fifteen years 800,000 persons have given up the cultivation of the soil?

Why have the number of persons engaged in gainful occupations in England decreased in fifteen years from 14,115,570 to 11,187,564?

Why does Mr. Hoyle say that the forty-second report of the Registrar-General shows that "one out of about every seven of our population end their days as paupers?" And, turning to Ireland, with one in every four of the inhabitants of Connaught (population, 800,000) apply in 1886 for Poor Law relief?

Why do the reports of the British Postmaster-General show that the 870 artisans and laborers constituted 22 84-100 per cent. of the depositors in postal savings-banks, and in 1882 only 17 8-10 per cent.?

Why do women working at the forge and anvil the whole week making nails only earn $2.15?

Why does the current rate of wages for the common laborer rarely exceed 50 cents per day?

Why does Mr. Chamberlain say: "Never before was the misery of the very poor more intense, or the conditions of their daily life more hopeless or more depraved," if free trade has been successful?

Why has the cost of pauperism and crime under free trade increased from $30,000,000 in 1849 to $92,000,000 in 1881?

Why did Mr. Cobden receive during his life $1,000,000 cash (see Morley's Life of Cobden) from the manufacturers of Manchester in payment for his services in the free trade cause, if it were a grand principle calculated to benefit the workingmen of all countries, and not a means to cut down the wages of labor and increase the profits of monopolies?

Why do the coal and iron firms in the North of England control the annual output of more tons of iron ore than the annual output of the entire Lake Superior region if free trade does not create monopolies?

Why has the number employed in the five principal textile industries declined from 919,547 in 1861 to 853,300 in 1886 in England, and the number so employed doubled in the same period in the United States?

Why has the silk industry practically gone to the wall?

Why has the linen industry declined in England in the past twenty years and increased 100 per cent. in spinning and weaving in Belfast?

Why have the number of workmen employed in the iron and steel industries in Germany increased since the return to protection 40 per cent., the wages paid 67 per cent. and the average paid to each workman 17.4 per cent.?

Why are these facts substantially true in many other industries in Germany?

Why has Germany increased her exports of manufactured goods under protection when free-traders said she would ruin her export trade by returning to protection?

Why do the official reports of British consuls inform us that the German Empire has been benefited by protection and that this is the atmosphere that is the strongest of the government's policies?

WHAT THE MILLS BILL REALLY IS.

The Illinois *Staats Zeitung*, of Chicago, is the leading German daily paper of that city, and has for several years acted with the Democratic party. But it can not stand the Mills bill. In a recent issue it has a long editorial under the caption "Bull Run," in which the real nature of the Mills bill is shown up clearly and strongly. We present a translation of the important portion:

For with all the changes and additions which were made to the Mills bill as originally discussed in the House, the "Mills bill" means nothing more than strong tariff protection for the south and destruction of the tariff for the North.

To the last moment of the discussion were used to provide that no Southern industry should remain unprotected. Every raw article that is raised, or can be raised in the South, was removed from the list of free-wares. But in all the articles, and wares and wares are raised in the North, though they pay $81 for every mask, every frame, or every shilling of labor that it would cost to produce it in Europe, South America, or Australia, the duty remained.

"There are, among our readers, without a doubt, a number of peculiar enthusiasts, who go wild over so-called "free trade," not because they have made a study of the meaning, purpose and working of the same in single instances, but because they can clearly see the four letters, F-r-e-e. Their entire proof consists in the short questions that they put, and the short answer that they give themselves: "Is not free trade beautiful? Certainly. And therefore free trade is also beautiful." The same method of proof would be convincing that the free-hooter and "free fight" were also beautiful. But, aside from this, we will endeavor to prove to the peculiar enthusiasts of the Mills bill that it is not a free trade measure, but what he endeavored to hide—namely, a protective tariff for the South.

A true, genuine, and just tariff consists, first, in the introduction of absolute free trade for all such stuffs and articles which are not raised in the United States at all or in a small measure only (sugar, second), secondly, in the adjustment of the productive powers of all such evidences of human labor which our own country produces in a raw state to such richness and large quantities as fully satisfy, but is higher than is necessary for the adjustment or equalization of such producing powers is an evil, and must be cut down to the proper standard.

This is the tariff reform that appeals to every sensible man, the unfinished and unprejudiced man as the only desirable one. It is not Democratic, it is not Republican, but simple and sensible. But the swindle-reform, such as the Mills bill "Tariff for the South," would, if it became a law, have no other effect than to:

1. Destroy a number of the industries of the North;

2. Reduce the price of labor at least one-half in industries that were not destroyed;

3. Drive hundreds of thousands of laborers and workmen to farming and cattle-raising, and

4. Thereby reduce the price of breadstuffs or meats, which Europe will not buy, to a very low figure, and destroy the prices on all agricultural productions, such as grain and cattle, thereby impoverishing the farmers, who are badly enough off even in the present prices, to the state of the peasants in Roumania, made poor by British free trade.

Oh, no! the Democratic platform doesn't mean free trade! The London *Saturday Review* says:

They have, from whatever motive, resolved to adopt a free-trade policy. Nothing can be more explicit than the President's language.

The London *Standard* gives this opinion:

Party names and party ties are thrown into hotch-potch. The government of the country will be between protection and free trade.

The London *Globe* puts it thus:

The central issue of the contest lies between the maintenance of the present fiscal system intact and its modification in the direction of free trade. And on that broad question Mr. Cleveland's candidature naturally and necessarily unites English sympathy.

The Haddingtonshire *Courier* declares that a Democratic victory means that

We [of England] may look to an impetus being given our home trade that will go far to make up for the depressions of late years.

The London *Daily News* declares:

The electoral conflict now in progress is a conflict between free trade and protection, and nothing less.

The London *Times* remarks:

It is certain that the arguments which President Cleveland urges are those which Cobden used to employ 45 years ago, and which any free trader would employ now.

And the Glasgow *Herald* gleefully shouts:

With President Cleveland, Great Britain knows where she is.

And if the British papers don't know what a free trade policy is, who does?

"FREE immigration would be advantageous as furnishing a class of cheap and efficient laborers."—Thurman's speech on the Chinese question in the Senate, 1879.

GROVER'S POPULARITY.

"Cleveland is very popular abroad," writes a foreign correspondent and admirer.—*Daily Newspaper.*

"Hurrah for bold Grover!" the Johnny Bulls shout;
"He'll give us his markets and turn the Yanks out!
We'll sell 'em our iron, our cloth and all that,
And his workmen will starve while our paupers grow fat!"

"Huzza for beau Grovaire!" the Jean Crapeaus yell;
"Huzza for free trade, ven ve've somesing to sell!
Ve sall sell zem ze brandy, ze champagne, ze grog,
But, by gar! ve no buy ze Americain hog!"

"Yah! Clevelant ist goot!" grunts old Bismarck with glee,
"Und ve'll tax Yankee meat, and he dakes our woolfree!
Vot I cares for de West, mit deir wheat und deir pork,
Ven our beer-drinkers gif us der sdate of New York?"

The Canucks, our next neighbors, his triumph much wish,
Since he gives them their way in the squabble for fish;
From a jug-handle treaty to British free trade,
They have only to ask and the bargain is made!

Yes, they drink Cleveland's health in France, England and Spain,
And they shout "a new Cobden is risen again!"
They praise him in Berlin, Vienna and Rome,
But, just mark what I tell you—we'll beat him at home!

At, 'tis nice to be praised by the English and Dutch,
But the praise of our foes don't bamboozle us much!
We take in their taffy while winking one eye,
And remember the tale of the Spider and Fly!

Victoria, Ill. J. W. TEMPLE.

POPULAR MISTAKES.

Big Trees and Big Volcanic Craters—By One Who Has Been There.

EDITOR BLADE:—Being a constant reader of the BLADE, and knowing that it is the most cosmopolitan of papers, I deem it the most fitting medium through which to correct the following mistakes:

1. The expression "The big trees of the Yosemite Valley" often appears in the newspapers, even in some popular and widely circulated ones. I have been in every hole and corner of the Yosemite Valley, and can boldly affirm that there are no big trees in it, nor within many miles of it. It contains trees of respectable size, nothing more. The valley is noted for its stupendous rocky walls and lofty waterfalls, and not for big trees.

2. The crater of Kilauea (Kee-lah-way-a), on the island of Hawaii, is often spoken of as the largest in the world, not by newspapers only, but even by class books on physical geography. This crater is 10,000 feet below the summit of Mauna Loa, and its greatest circumference is about twelve miles. According to Dr. Douglas, the Scotch naturalist, who explored the great terminal crater on the summit, it is not less than 27 miles in circumference. I encompassed it in 1865, but did not measure it, but it is at least twice the circumference of Kilauea and twice the depth. The great crater of Haleakala (Hah-la-ah-kah-lah), on the island of Maui, is not less than 35 miles in circumference and 3,000 feet deep. This is, without controversy, the largest crater in the world, though, unlike the other two, it has been silent since long before the discovery of the islands by Europeans.

J. L. WISELY.

Tyler, Neb.

THE AUGUST SKIES.

Position of the Planets—The August Meteor Stream—The Brightest Fixed Stars.

During the month of August the sun will move through more than 9° of the course southerly which it began on June 20. On each day until December 21 it will rise, culminate and set farther to the southward than it did on the day preceding. During the latter half of July the sun was in the constellation Cancer. It will remain in that sign until August 8, when it will enter Leo, where it will stay during the rest of the month.

A partial eclipse of the sun will take place on August 7. It will not be seen in the United States, however. The area in which it will be visible is confined to the Arctic ocean and adjacent regions in Northern Europe, including Norway and Sweden. This will be the fifth and last of the eclipses of 1888.

On the 9th of August the earth will plunge into a meteoric zone, and for two or three nights "falling stars" will be more numerous than usual. The most brilliant part of the display will probably occur on the evening of the 10th.

New moon will take place on August 7; the first quarter will be reached on the 14th. It will be full on the 22d, and will arrive at its last quarter on the 29th.

In its monthly tour through the firmament the moon will pass near many of the planets in the next four weeks. On August 11 it will be close to Neptune. It will make a close approach to Mercury on the 5th and to Saturn on the 6th. Nearness to the sun in the case of the two last named planets, and the fact that Neptune cannot be seen except by the aid of a telescope, will prevent these phenomena from being observed. On the 7th the moon passes by Venus. This planet also is still too near the sun to be clearly discerned.

The interesting conjunction of the month will be those between the moon and Mars and Jupiter. The moon passes Mars on the 13th and Jupiter on the 14th. At its nearest approach the moon will be about 4½ degrees north of Mars and 4 degrees north of Jupiter. Both Mars and Jupiter are in plain view every evening. Mars may be seen in the southwest for two or three hours after sunset. Jupiter is in the same quarter of the firmament, but is farther to the eastward. On the 28th the moon will again be in conjunction with Neptune.

Saturn joins the morning stars in August, moving to the westward of the sun, and sinking below the horizon before the sun goes down, a little south of the sunset point. Toward the close of the month it will remain above the horizon about three-quarters of an hour later than the sun. October will have to come, however, before the "queen of planets" will be far enough removed from the sun to be seen in its most brilliant aspect.

Uranus, which is next among the planets in order of angular distance from the sun, is too faint now to be readily discerned by the unaided vision.

Mars is farther to the east and south than Uranus. It may be easily discovered in the southwest after sunset, its fiery red rays rendering it a conspicuous object in that portion of the firmament.

Jupiter still occupies the place of honor on the planetary calendar. It will be seen in the southerly part of the firmament, about a third of the way between the horizon and the zenith after sunset. There is no possibility of its being mistaken, even by the most casual observer, for any other orb. It shines with a pale, yellowish light, but of such brightness and purity of luster that it is always, save when Venus is favorably situated, the most brilliant object in the heavens except the moon. Jupiter is in the constellation Libra. Just at this time it is nearly stationary with respect to the so-called "fixed stars." Antares, the bright red star in the constellation Scorpio, is still conspicuous a few degrees east of Jupiter. The "giant planet" sets about four hours later than the sun.

The principal first-magnitude stars which will be visible above the horizon in August are Vega, Deneb, Arcturus, Regulus, Spica, Antares, Altair and Fomalhaut. Vega, which shines with a steel-blue light, is near the zenith point an hour after sunset. Deneb, a pale yellowish star, is farther to the northeast in the Milky Way. Vega is the brightest star in the Lyre, while Deneb holds a similar relation to the constellation of the Swan. Arcturus, which is the brightest of the "fixed stars" now visible, is in the west, high above the horizon, in the early evening hours. It is the leading luminary in the constellation of the Cowherd.

Vega, Deneb and Arcturus are farther to the north than any of the stars mentioned. The remaining brilliants which have been named are in the southerly side of the firmament. Regulus will be low in the west, and farther south than Arcturus, when the sun sets. Spica may be found from its nearness to Mars, the star being west of the planet. Antares is east of Jupiter and near it. Farther east than Antares, and much higher above the horizon is Altair. It may readily be distinguished from its position about half way between two fainter stars near it, all three being ranged in a straight line. These stars form part of the constellation of the Eagle. Regulus is the leading star in Leo, Spica in Virgo, and Antares in Scorpio. East of Antares and south of Aquila a brilliant star may be seen flashing and scintillating among the vapors in the southwest. This is Fomalhaut, the most conspicuous object in the constellation of the Southern Fish.

The celestial scenery in the neighborhood of the pole will posses during August its usual interest for the star-gazer. The Dipper is lower in the northwest and Cassiopeia higher in the northeast than they were a month ago. One of the "pointers" in the Dipper will be below the horizon for a few hours each night during the month As the evening advances it will be observed that the Dipper goes lower and lower, while Cassiopeia rises higher and higher. If observed at an hour before sunrise it would be found that the two constellations had almost completely changed places since sunset, the Dipper being in the northeast and Cassiopeia in the northwest. Half way between these star groups Polaris holds its place serene and unchanging, the one immovable object amid the tireless and eternal movement of the firmament.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

RECRUITS FOR PROTECTION.

The Stampede from the Democratic Free Trade Ranks Steadily Going On.

Mr. Jeremiah B. Schellinger, one of the most influential citizens of South New Jersey and a large lumber merchant, has declared for Harrison, according to the Baltimore *American*. He says he cannot stand Cleveland's free trade message and the Mills bill. Mr. Schellinger has always voted the Democratic ticket, and his two sons will also vote for Harrison and Morton.

John Arnot, banker, of Elmira, N. Y., favors the Republican national platform and the election of Harrison and Morton. He is a son of ex-Congressman John Arnot, who stood by Samuel J. Randall in his fight against the Morrison free trade bill. The Arnots have always been stalwart Democrats.

James A. Christie, a prominent lawyer of Horseheads, Chemung county, N. Y., who stood in the front rank of the Cleveland phalanx in 1884, is out for protection.

A. Snyder, of Delaware township, Pa., an extensive wool-grower and landholder, one of the wealthiest farmers in the state, has declared for Harrison. Mr. Snyder has been a Democrat all his life.

Mr. Alexander Agar, who is at the head of a large stationery and paper business at No. 110 William street, New York, says he he has been voting the Democratic ticket for nearly 30 years, but is "going to stop."

William H. Taylor, of Warsaw, Richmond county, Va., a great wool grower, says: "My vote was on the free trade side in 1884, but I cannot afford to go with them this fall. My vote will be found for Harrison and Morton."

J. H. Stevenson, chairman of the Allegheny county, Pa., Greenback-Labor committee, announces his intention of voting for Harrison this year, and several hundred members of his party will, according to the Pittsburg *Commercial Gazette*, follow him into the Republican camp.

John Murphy, a prominent member of the Fenian Brotherhood at Weschester, N. Y., who never voted anything but the Democratic ticket, has come out for Harrison, and will work hard for the ticket.

Reuburn C. Wells, of Athens, Ga., a prominent capitalist, says: "One year ago I became a Republican. I think Cleveland's message and the St. Louis platform will change the solidity in at least one Southern state. There is more truth in the breaking up of the Solid South than most Northern people believe. The Democratic attitude on the tariff has caused much hard feeling in the South."

"WHY I AM A REPUBLICAN."

A Correspondent of the Blade Gives the Reasons Why He Adheres to the Party.

1.—I wish to see the colored man have his rights. Intimidation, counting out and the Louisiana style must be put down. An old Abolitionist, I do not want to be cheated out of the proper results of the war by political fraud.

2.—I do not regard the prohibition question as of a proper issue in a presidential election. Its manifest object is to break down the Republican party in the vain hope that by giving the said party fits it will, by some quack method, work out a cure. I believe that the true policy for Prohibitionists is to work at the foundation. Cupola building may be spectacular, but not the order at present.

3.—I do not think it wise to give up restrictive legislation and taxation on liquor selling. I have no qualms of conscience as to being partakers in the rumseller's sins, when I am imposing taxes and putting him under severe restrictions so long as that is the only practicable way of restraining the whisky traffic. When local option shows a fighting chance in a state, then prohibition.

4.—To let the rumseller come into power by scattering votes is a poor kind of strategy. If I can prevent an evil in part, and do not do it, I am morally guilty. No claim of seeking some greater good can release me from my obligation to do what I can.

5.—The only states that have advanced to constitutional prohibition are Republican states, and these results were attained under Republican administrations. The Republican platform asserts a desire to encourage all well-advised methods to do away with intemperance.

6.—I believe it to be the duty of Americans to help keep up American industry, and to protect the laborer in better wages than he gets in other countries. In doing this, I indirect y help the laborers of other countries. The English, rather than lose their skilled workmen, have been compelled to advance their wages. Let the good work go on.

7.—I think a rebuke should be given to pretended civil service reform.

8.—I am opposed to the old-fashioned Democratic tactics now resorted to, of a Solid South by fraud, and "a Northern man with Southern principles."

9.—Southern brigadiers and Northern sympathizing pea ce Democrats should not be intivanced to the front, to re-cast our Supreme court and to dictate our general public policy.

The men who saved the Union should guide our councils.

Waste silk has been shown to be the most effective non-conductive covering for ice-houses. The price is high, but the demand is very great.

The Old Doctors

Drew blood, modern doctors cleanse it; hence the increased demand for Alteratives. It is now well known that most diseases are due, not to over-abundance, but to impurity, of the Blood; and it is equally well attested that no blood medicine is so efficacious as Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

"One of my children had a large sore break out on the leg. We applied simple remedies, for a while, thinking the sore would shortly heal. But it grew worse. We sought medical advice, and were told that an alterative medicine was necessary. Ayer's Sarsaparilla being

Recommended

above all others, we used it with marvelous results. The sore healed and health and strength rapidly returned."—J. J. Armstrong, Weimar, Texas.

"I find Ayer's Sarsaparilla to be an admirable remedy for the cure of blood diseases. I prescribe it, and it does the work every time."—E. L. Pater, M. D., Manhattan, Kansas.

"We have sold Ayer's Sarsaparilla here for over thirty years and always recommend it when asked to name the best blood-purifier."—W. T. McLean, Druggist, Augusta, Ohio.

"Ayer's medicines continue to be the standard remedies in spite of all competition."—T. W. Richmond, Bear Lake, Mich.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

PIMPLES

BLACKHEADS, RED, ROUGH AND OILY SKIN prevented cured by that greatest of all Skin Beautifiers, the CUTICURA SOAP.

Incomparable as a Skin Soap, unequalled for the Toilet, Bath and Nursery, and without a rival as Infantile Skin Soap. Produces the loveliest, whitest, clearest skin and softest hands. Absolutely pure, delicately medicated, exquisitely perfumed, surprisingly effective. Sale greater than that of all other medicated toilet soaps in the world combined. Sold throughout the civilized world.

POTTER DRUG & CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, U. S. A.

Send for "How to Purify and Beautify the Skin."

UNPRECEDENTED ATTRACTION!

Over a Million Distributed.

L. S. L.

Louisiana State Lottery Company

Incorporated by the Legislature in 1868, for Educational and Charitable purposes, and its franchise made a part of the present State Constitution, in 1879, by an overwhelming popular vote.

Its GRAND EXTRAORDINARY DRAWINGS take place Semi-Annually June and December, and its GRAND SINGLE NUMBER DRAWINGS take place on each of the other ten months in the year, and are all drawn in public at the Academy of Music, New Orleans, La.

"We do hereby certify that we supervise the arrangements for all the Monthly and Semi-Annual Drawings of The Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in person manage and control the Drawings themselves, and that the same are conducted with honesty, fairness, and in good faith toward all parties, and we authorize the Company to use this certificate, with fac-similes of our signatures attached in its advertisements."

G. T. Beauregard
J. A. Early
Commissioners.

We, the undersigned Banks and Bankers will pay all Prizes drawn in the Louisiana State Lotteries which may be presented at our counters.

R. M. WALMSLEY, Pres. Louisiana Nat'l Bank.
PIERRE LANAUX, Pres. State Nat'l Bank.
A. BALDWIN, Pres. New Orleans Nat'l Bank.
CARL KOHN, Pres. Union National Bank.

GRAND MONTHLY DRAWING
In the Academy of Music, New Orleans,
Tuesday, August 7, 1888.

CAPITAL PRIZE. $300,000

100,000 Tickets at Twenty Dollars each. Halves, $10; Quarters, $5; Tenths, $2; Twentieths, $1.

LIST OF PRIZES.

1 PRIZE OF	$300,000 is		$300,000
1 PRIZE OF	100,000 is		100,000
1 PRIZE OF	50,000 is		50,000
1 PRIZE OF	25,000 is		25,000
2 PRIZES OF	10,000 are		20,000
5 PRIZES OF	5,000 are		25,000
25 PRIZES OF	1,000 are		25,000
100 PRIZES OF	500 are		50,000
200 PRIZES OF	300 are		60,000
500 PRIZES OF	200 are		100,000
APPROXIMATION PRIZES.			
100 Prizes of	$300 are		30,000
100 Prizes of	$200 are		20,000
TERMINAL PRIZES.			
999 do.	100 are		99,900
999 do.	100 are		99,900
3,134 Prizes amounting to			$1,054,800

NOTE—Tickets drawing Capital Prizes are not entitled to Terminal Prizes.

For CLUB RATES, or any further information desired, write legibly to the undersigned, clearly stating your residence, with State, County, Street and Number. More rapid return mail delivery will be assured by your enclosing an Envelope bearing your full address.

Send POSTAL NOTES, Express Money Orders, or New York Exchange in ordinary letter. Currency by Express (at our expense) addressed to

M. A. DAUPHIN,
New Orleans, La.
or M. A. DAUPHIN,
Washington, D. C.

Address Registered Letters to
NEW ORLEANS NATIONAL BANK,
New Orleans, La.

REMEMBER That the presence of Generals Beauregard and Early, who are in charge of the drawings, is a guarantee of absolute fairness and integrity, that the chances are all equal, and that no one can possibly divine what number will draw a Prize.

REMEMBER, also, that the payment of Prizes is GUARANTEED BY FOUR NATIONAL BANKS of New Orleans, and the Tickets are signed by the President of an Institution, whose chartered rights are recognized in the highest Courts; therefore, beware of any imitations or anonymous schemes.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Prevents Dandruff & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

40 Photos for gents, 10c., Ladies' Shields 50c., Gents' Protectors, 25c. Both, 50c. J. O. Hanson, Chicago, Ill.

CLEVELAND'S PRO-BRITISH RECORD

An Interesting Little Article for Irish-Americans to Read and Ponder.

Irish World.

This dispatch was flashed across the Atlantic cable the other day:

"The work of the bailiffs engaged in making the evictions at Kilrush was obstructed by the population, who cut all the bridges between Kilrush and Kilkee, and took other measures to delay the progress of the evictions. The chapel bell tolled to warn the people of the approach of the officers."

Every man with a spark of manhood in him, no matter what his nationality may be, will, on reading this dispatch, be disposed to praise these Irishmen for defending their homes like men.

It is safe to say that if the American people were polled to-morrow they would unanimously approve of what was done by the men of Kilrush. Yet if the extradition treaty that Mr. Cleveland sent to the Senate had been immediately ratified as the administration wanted it to be any one of these brave defenders of their homes who should escape to America could be sent back to Ireland to be tried and punished for protecting themselves and their families against the agents of a system of oppression that has been condemned by the whole civilized world.

It will be remembered that in the treaty concocted by Pheips and the British government there is a clause that covers the case of these Irishmen who resisted the evictors at Kilrush. The bridges that were destroyed to impede the march of the evicting army were public property. The treaty that Cleveland wanted the Senate to adopt in a hurry made any one guilty of destroying or attempting to destroy public property liable to extradition. The English government placed especial stress upon this clause, as it was expected that it could be made elastic enough to cover the case of every Irishman who should forcibly resist the tyranny that is crushing the life out of his native land.

The United States is pledged by the traditions of the past to sympathy with all peoples' struggles for self-government. Whilst international obligations may prevent us as a nation from lending active assistance to a foreign people fighting for liberty, we are not debarred from manifesting our good will towards them.

Our pro-British administration, however, does not think itself under any obligation to be governed by respect for American traditions. When, therefore, England proposed that a treaty should be adopted that could be construed in a way that would greatly hamper Irishmen in their efforts to win self-government for their country, Cleveland and Bayard showed more than a mere willingness to oblige England in this manner. Both have made great personal efforts to secure the passage of an extradition treaty that would virtually make the United States England's ally in the work of suppressing Irish resistance to British tyranny.

What a sight it would be to have Irishmen arrested in the streets of New York or any other American city by U. S. officers, and shipped back to Ireland to be tried before packed courts for the heinous offense of doing their best to protect their homes. A thorough-going American administration would never for a moment think of consenting to any arrangement by which such crimes against the best traditions of the republic could be permitted on American soil.

The Cleveland administration, however, has made no great pretensions to a thorough American policy. The extradition and fisheries treaties, supplemented as they are by the free trade policy, speak for themselves. They stamp Cleveland and Bayard as the willing tools of England in the work of forcing a pro-British policy on this country.

NECESSARIES AND LUXURIES.

How the Mills Bill Proposes to Tax the Former.

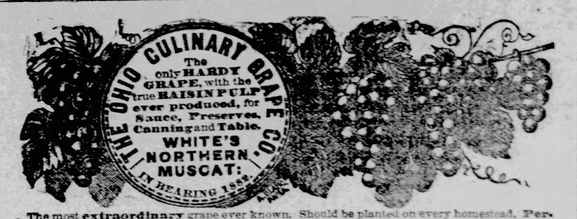
Samuel J. Randall.

Much has been said about removing taxes on necessaries and imposing them upon luxuries. What does this Mills bill propose? It gives free olive oil to the epicures and taxes castor oil 70 per cent; it gives free tin plates to the Standard Oil Company and the great meat canning monopolies, and imposes a duty of 100 per cent. on rice; it gives the Sugar Trust free bone-black and proposes prohibitory duty on grocery grades of sugar; it imposes a duty of 40 per cent. on the poor man's blanket and only 30 per cent. on the Axminster carpet of the rich; it admits free of duty the fine animals imported by the gentlemen of the turf; makes free the paintings and statuary of the railway millionaire and coal baron.

Call Them Out!

HASKINS, O., July 28.—EDITOR BLADE:—Lately we hear of many men who have been Democrats or Prohibitionists expressing their intention to vote for Harrison and Morton next November. Are there any who voted for Blaine in 1884, who have made up their minds to vote for Cleveland this year? Any—anywhere in the United States? If so, please call them out; require of them the reasons for changing, and print without comment. If you will do so, I think the average voter will be able to analyze the argument.

HASKINS.



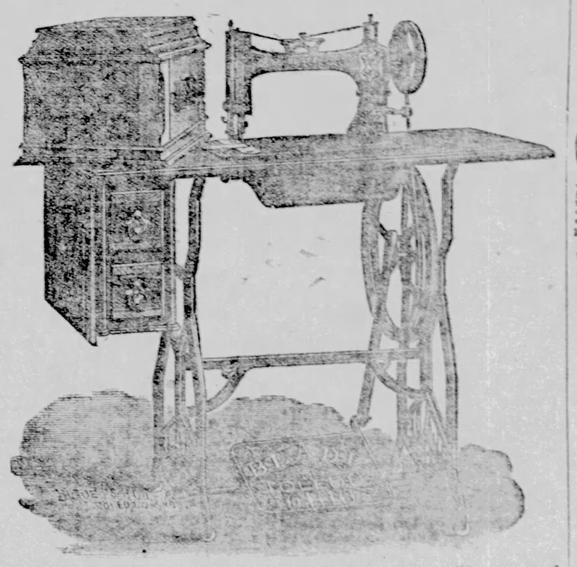
The most extraordinary grape ever known. Should be planted on every homestead. Perfectly hardy, reliable, prolific, and delicious. No garden complete without it. Send for testimonials, terms, and illustrations. Address CULINARY GRAPE CO., Dayton, O.

"THE IMPROVED"

BLADE SEWING MACHINE

OF 1888

A Grand Success



The above is a correct representation of our "Improved Blade Sewing Machine," manufactured by us, and sold to the people direct and without the intervention of middlemen.

Over 6,000 "Blade" Machines are now distributed all over this country, but the unanimous verdict of all who received and used our "Improved Blade Machine" is

UNIVERSAL SATISFACTION,

Testimonials received by us from wherever we sent one evidence its continuously

GROWING POPULARITY.

We know why this is so; because it is the simplest machine on the American market to-day, because it is light running, built as good as the best of them, crosses heavy seams, and works from thin to thick goods better than any other make, and because our

FAST INCREASING ORDERS

from all places where an "Improved Blade Machine" went to demonstrate this to be the fact beyond any doubt. We had to abstain from advertising for a while to be able to fill orders on hand; but now can ship again daily, as the orders are received.

Our machines are sent to our patrons direct from the factory. There is no agent there to teach its workings, show its advantages over other makes, and to "Sing" its praise incessantly as the "King" and "Star" of all of them.

In many cases it is even looked upon with severe prejudice on account of its low price, because the reason for such is not understood.

We are well aware of all of these disadvantages, but willing to risk it, because we know our machine, and wish that it shall, without any assistance,

STAND ON ITS OWN MERITS

from the very minute it enters a household; our experience tells us that it will come out of this ordeal "victorious", and that it will, after it is used once

NEVER BE REPLACED BY ANY OTHER MAKE

except one of its own kind.

The following are a few of the many hundreds of similar testimonials received within the last few months:

TESTIMONIALS:

LANSING, KAN., June 12, 1888.

THE "BLADE" COMPANY, Toledo, Ohio:
Gentlemen—The "Blade" Sewing Machine ordered from you has been received. I have delayed writing until it could be fully tested.
Permit me to say, that it is all that could be desired. Simple in construction, one learns to operate it, it is light running, and does all kinds of sewing in most satisfactory manner.
It certainly proves to be all that is represented.
Yours respectfully,
W. A. CRAWFORD.
Chaplain, Kansas State Penitentiary.

STONY RIDGE, Ohio, May 29, 1888.

THE "BLADE" COMPANY, Toledo Ohio:
Gentlemen—Being in want of a Sewing Machine for use in my family, I, by the advice of a friend, resolved to try a "Blade". For me to resolve, is to do, so the first time I happened to be in your city, I called at your establishment, left my order and paid my money.
A few days after, a Domestic Machine Agent

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON - - - - EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

CHAUTAUQUA PICTURES.

"CASTLES IN SPAIN."—(CONCLUDED.)

We do not follow the satisfied throng homeward, but with a touch of the magician's hand find ourselves rambling through the antiquated, extremely narrow, up-hill streets of ancient Toledo. The bridge, the gate, the cathedral, the public buildings, and last the cloister of St. John of the kings, in its holy, unbroken silence of four hundred years, rise before our eyes and disappear.

Farewell, Toledo. Hail, Cordova. From street, and garden, square, building, stately ruin and convent, we take your chief gem, the wonderful Mezquita. Under Mr. Ragan's guidance we enter its gate of Pardon, not, however, as the criminal of old, to seek and find safety at its stately shrine, but to gain a perfect view of its splendid interior. We pass through the fragrant orange garden, through the doors of the temple, and pause in silence.

How strangely, wierdly beautiful is the scene, how thrilling are the memories which spring fresh from old half forgotten pages of history, as we stand on a spot where Turkish Crescent and Christian Cross struggled for supremacy. In this building both emblems have left an enduring record in eternal stone. In the soft, half lighted gloom of the immense room, beneath its vaulted roof spring a thousand pillars, all carved from single stones, all worn and smooth and dark midway up their height by the touch and pressure of the hands and forms of countless thousands, but above that point glowing with the tints of jasper and porphyry, black, white, and red, emerald and rose marble.

Through this "forest of stone" we approach the inner shrine, whose wonderful ceiling is a rose leaf cut in stone and sparkling with the splendor of the ruby, the emerald, the topaz and the diamond.

Centuries ago, beneath this ceiling, and within the shrine lay a copy of the sacred Koran, covered with tissue of gold, embroidered in rubies and pearls.

But the glorious days of the Crescent are gone, and we are going to take one last, long, regretful look, and the mosque and Cordova are for us among the things that were.

Our swift, noiseless journey between Cordova and Seville is accomplished, and we are slowly moving through the gay streets of the light-hearted capital of Andalusia. Scene after scene rises before us, and Mr. Ragan makes us deeply feel the interest, the romance and the beauty of courts and halls," of the "House of Pilate," and the "Tower of Gold," and the oriental splendor of the Alcazar. What stories of Pedro the Cruel, the walls of this gorgeous palace could tell if they had life! What ghastly vistons of severed heads hanging against a monarch's dressing-room, the awful jests of his sportive moods, would startle our eyes if the dead could revisit the earth! From man to God, from the Alcazar, with its dreamy, luxurious, evil associations, to the great cathedral, where many thoughts and styles of worship have crystalized themselves into a harmonious and beautiful whole, whose outward expression this reverent and grandly-fashioned pile of stone, is a welcome change.

In the twilight of its solemn, restful interior and from the eloquent silence comes to us a longing for the unseen temple of which this is but the shadow, a visible nearness to the King of Heaven.

In imagination we climb the inclined planes which lead up to the summit of the Giralda tower, that exquisite poem in architecture. We look down three hundred dizzy feet to the pavement, to the city so far below that its streets and houses melt into each other, to the noble church beneath, and away over the spreading plain and slow flowing river.

The whole scene melts into air; tower and church, city, river, and plain are gone and in their place we are looking across neutral ground up, not down, to the stern, dark, unbribable sentinel of England on Spanish soil—the Rock of Gibralter.

In that presence how the story of its past glows and burns itself into our memories.

From this living leaf of a heroic past we sail across the bay straight to Tangiers and into the life which belongs to dead centuries. In it we find the Arabian Night tales of our childhood illustrated and made real by men and women and homes. For aught we know they have stepped from the pages of the marvelous book and been quickened into life for our benefit. We have come to see the Moor as he looks every day, and he is here, in oriental squalor and oriental splendor, the deep shadow and bright light which throw such vivid contrast on eastern life.

Court, cafe, residence, market, custom and costume are all fascinatingly queer, but not so wierd or so effective as the snake charmer. We watch him with horrified interest as he lifts his uncanny pet in the grasp of his strong, brown hand and holds it toward us. We are faithless in regard to his power to control its feelings toward us, and we know that we lack St. Patrick's ability to dispose of snakes. So we turn our backs on charmer and snake and bid a reluctant but hasty farewell to Tangiers and the Orient.

At Grenada, guarded by the mountains, the once happy home of the Moors, and in its palmy days "fair as the garden of the Lord," we reach the last stage of our Spanish journey. A few more pictures of fascinating beauty and we must turn our faces homeward.

Mr. Ragan leads us through the Alhambra by day, but with all deference to him we will steal away and take an ideal trip through it under the moonlight. Night brings sleep to man and old palace alike, sleep that knits up "the ravelled sleeve of care" in man and the raveled sleeve of time as it drops over some old building. All this, all the effacements of centuries have gone from the Alhambra under the silvery cloak of moonlight. All the wonderful beauty of its wonderful youth has returned to sparkle in these fairy-like rooms under the deep blue of the starlit skies.

As we pass from chamber to chamber in the silence broken by no steps but our own, we seem to hear, keeping time with our own, those ghostly footsteps which died out of these rooms centuries ago. We feel forms beside us not visible, but for all that very real. We are almost sure that at night and under the moonlight the Moor comes back to his own.

Perhaps, though, it is only the half laugh, half sob of the waters in the tomb of the reservoir, as they feel the touch of the myrtle's lips.

Perhaps it is only an echoing complaint from the stately tower of Gomares, where Boabdil is longing and planning for freedom.

Perhaps it is a dreadful memory which links itself with a crimson stain on the marble floor of the Hall of the Abencerrages. Even beneath that wonderful ceiling with its fretwork of lace in stone, its pointed arches, and the slender, graceful columns which spring like winged things from the floor to the arches, you can not forget the stain of the foul treachery and wholesale murder which it commemorates. God remembers, and the sigh of the Abencerrage, as he knelt defenseless and betrayed, to receive his death blow, was echoed in the sigh of Boabdil, as he turned his face in desolation forever from the matchless Alhambra.

Now through the "Hall of the Two Sisters," and "the Boudoir of Lindaraxa," through room after room where our eyes feast on a wealth of moulding in bands, curves, diamonds, and scrolls intricately delicate, on vines which seem to tremble in stone as they tremble in air, on blossoms which lift their faces from the walls as naturally as they elsewhere lift them from mother earth to the benediction of the sun, we wander and dream and question whether the Arab poet was not using merely a glowing description instead of wild hyperbole, when he made the Alhambra say of itself: "My pillars were brought from Eden, my garden is the Paradise; of hewn jewels are my walls, and my ceilings are dyed with the hues of the wings of angels. I was paved with petrified flowers, and those who see me laugh and sing. My columns are blocks of pearl by night; by day perpetual sunshine turns my fountains to gold."

Spain and Chautauqua are widely separated, yet with the rapidity of a thought and without even crossing a visible sea, we are back in the amphitheater of the Assembly again. The canvas is blank, the accomplished guide has disappeared, the seats are empty, the aisles are full of retiring people. Our Castles in Spain have become Spanish Castles in memory.

LYDIA STRAWN.

KNITTING AND CROCHETING.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together in narrow; s and l, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; c st, close chain stitch; s ch st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; t, treble; sh c, short crochet.

TRETTY LACE.—Cast on 16 stitches and knit across plain.—1st row: k 2—t o 1—p 2 tog—t o 1—p 2 tog—t o 1—k 5; 2d row: k 7—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 2—o t—p 2 tog—o t—p 2 tog—k 2; 3d row: k 2—o t—p 2 tog—o 2—p 2 tog—k 13; 4th row—k 13—o 2—p 2 tog—o 2—p 2 tog—k 2; 5th row—k 2—o 2—p 2 tog—o 2—p 2 tog—k 2—o 2—n—o 2—n—o 2—n—k 5; 6th row—k 7—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 2—o 2—p 2 tog—o 2—p 2 tog—k 2; 7th row—k 2—o 2—p 2 tog—o 2—p 2 tog—k 16; 8th row—Bind off 6—k 9—o 2—p 2 tog—o 2—p 2 tog—k 2.—MRS. B.

INSERTING FOR DIAMOND LACE.—Cast on 23 stitches; knit across plain. 1st row—k 12—o 2—n—k 1—o 2—n—k 6; 2d row—Same as 1st row; 3d row—k 13—o 2—n—k 1—o 2—n—k 5; 4th row—Same as 3d row; 5th and 6th rows—k 14—o 2—n—k 1—o 2—n—k 4; 7th and 8th rows—k 15—o 2—n—k 1—o 2—n—k 3; 9th and 10th rows—k 16—o 2—n—k 1—o 2—n—k 2; 11th and 12th rows—k 14—n—o 2—n—k 1—o 2—k 4; 13th and 14th rows—k 13—n—o 2—n—k 1—o 2—k 5; 15th and 16th rows—k 12—n—o 2—n—k 1—o 2—k 6; 17th and 18th rows—k 11—n—o 2—n—k 1—o 2—k 7; Repeat from third row.—*Selected.*

FANCY WORK AND HOUSE DECORATION.

Panel of Fall Decorations.—These also, look handsome over doors and windows, and you are at liberty to use ornaments of all styles, for the panels are placed where there is no danger of anything coming in contact with them to break off the decorations or mar their beauty. Any kind of board will do for the panel, rough or smooth, as you like. Paint the board a pure white, then decide on your ornaments, which may be a chestnut-branch with bursting burs attached, sprays of common wayside velvet-leaf with clusters of pods clinging to them, a piece of blackberry vine with its twigs, thorns, and dried berries, or branches of buckeyes with some of the nuts falling from their horned shells.

Select according to your fancy, and gild the decorations chosen, then tack them on the panel. It is best to place the ornaments on the board while the paint is soft and wet, for then it will help to fasten the decoration more securely; if the paint is put on thick where the ornaments are to be placed, they will be partially imbedded in the paint, and when it dries they will appear as if carved from the wood.

A white and gold panel made in this way is very pretty and inexpensive.

This fall decoration is also enable us to make a very effective Louis Quinze screen.

For this it is nece sary to have two small wooden hoops, such as children roll along the streets; fasten these together with a strong piece of white tape, two or three inches wide, cut the end of the tape bias, brink it to the middle one of the hoops, bring it around between and over the other hoop, and tack it again; repeat the operation and the hinge will be finished. If you look at the hinge on a wooden clothes-horse you will understand how to make one. Now cut two pieces of coarse, strong cotton cloth, a little larger around than the hoops, and place one of the pieces very smooth and wrinkle one of the hoops; tack it down, driving the tacks in far apart, and so that they can be easily extracted; if the cloth wrinkles, keep changing it until the surface is perfectly even; when this accomplished carefully tack the covering securely down, keeping it smooth and without wrinkles. In like manner, tack the remaining piece of cloth on the other hoop. Next, get four broomsticks and cut a notch on each one, at exactly the same distance from the top, for the hoops to fit in. Then measure where you wish the hoops to be placed and cut another notch on each stick a certain distance from the bottom; all the sticks must be of the same length and have the notches in the same places, so each one may be a duplicate of the others. Mark the hoops where the sticks are to fit, and then fasten them firmly on with small screws. Make the screen strong, so that there will not be any danger of its coming apart. Give each cloth a sizing of common flour paste on both sides then scrape off all the paste with a knife; in this way the cloth will be starched and properly stretched over the hoops. When the screen is thoroughly dry, sew a branch across one of the disks and some waxed fall leaves in the places where they would naturally lie on the branch; when these are securely attached, decorate the other disk with something different; acorns can be used if cut in halves; but never place any ornaments on the screen that shall not lie flat, for if they stand out they will be broken off or injured by persons passing and brushing against them. Now give the screen a coat of white paint all over, including the branch and leaves, but do not paint the hinge. Set the screen away until it is perfectly dry, then gild the branch-es and leaves, going over the latter with the twigs by painting a line of gold between the two. Gild a ring around each pole near the top and another near the bottom, and cover the edges of the hoops where the cloth has been fastened on by tacking white gimp around each one, using fancy brass-headed tacks and placing them at equal distances apart; this completes the ornamental screen.

Should you desire it, the screen can be painted black or any other color, and the decorations bronzed instead of gilded. The bronzes come in different shades, and the color of real bronze can be easily copied.

As an ornament for the dining room a panel of field corn is very decorative and easy to make. When the corn ripens, select some nice, firm, golden ears, with the husks and without; then break off pieces of corn-stalk and group them together, cover a board of requisite size with a piece of black velvet; if you have no velvet, paint the board black, and after tying the corn firmly together, tack it securely on the board, and the dark back ground will bring out the many yellow tints of the decoration beautifully; fasten two screw-eyes in the back of the board, by which to attach the wire, and the panel will be all ready to hang on the wall.

The corn can also be fastened to a rough board of the desired size and the panel and decoration bronzed, using green bronze for the background and portions of the group, while all the edges and prominent points should be of copper-colored bronze.

Early in November, the many varieties of gourds ripen, and their odd and fantastic forms seem like nature's suggestions of the unique in ornamentation. So suggestive are they that it needs but little originality to make them into many useful and beautiful articles. As a decoration for looping over the poles of portieres, and for holding back draperies, these ornamental gourds are convenient. They must first be allowed to become perfectly dry; then they can be made into tasselled festoons. Take six mock-oranges, which imitate so closely our real oranges in color, size and form, and cut a hole about the size of a silver dime in the top and bottom of each one; then shake out the seeds. To make the openings in the gourds, first bore a small hole with the point of a large needle, then twist the needle around and around until it will easily pass through. Next, carefully enlarge the opening with a sharp penknife until it is of the stated size. Make a rope two yards and a half long of Persian colored wools or worsted; on the end fasten a slender tassel, six or seven inches long, made of the same worsted; now string one of the bright orange-gourds on the rope down against the tassel, which should be large enough to prevent the gourd from slipping off; make another similar tassel, and attach it to the rope about twelve inches from the first one, and thread another gourd on the rope, bringing it down against the second tassel; proceed in like manner with the remaining gourds, making a tassel for each one, and you will have a decoration unlike any to be found elsewhere.

We are all more or less familiar with the gourd-dippers so common in the South, where, in olden times, scarcely a spring bubbled in a rustic nook, that was not supplied with its drinking gourd. These dippers are made by sawing an opening in the large part of the gourd, scraping out the contents, and making the inside as smooth as possible with sand paper. They need no ornamentation.

The kind of gourds resembling flattened globes can be made into graceful and unique bowls.

The gourds must be sawed into two parts, with the inside of each sand-papered, and flowers painted, with oil-colors, on the outside. After they have thoroughly dried, give a coat of white varnish to both the inside and outside. A pretty bonbon-box can be fashioned of one of these gourds. Saw off the top, which will serve as a lid, and fasten it to the bowl with narrow ribbons tied through holes at the ends of each; line both lid and box with satin by gluing it along the edges with stiff glue put on sparingly, and cover the raw edge of the satin with chenille; this is also put on with a little glue. Do not allow the chenille to interfere with the closing of the box, but place it along the inside edge of the box and lid.

Another form is the bottle gourd.

Ornament this with ivy leaves painted as if twisted around bowl and neck, and when the paint is dry varnish the gourd all over; if you wish it for use as well as decoration saw off the top about two or three inches deep, shake out the seeds, then fit a cork into the piece cut off, and so glue it in that the cork may extend an inch downward to fit in the bottle.

The large egg-shaped gourds look well as vases.

Select a deep-colored gourd, saw off the top and scrape out the inside; then varnish the vase and mount it on feet of twisted wire; bend down the feet. To fasten this on the vase, first bore holes in the bottom of the gourd, then sew the feet firmly on, passing the needle through the holes previously made, and bending the wire a little to fit the gourd. Gild the wire feet, and your vase is finished. Another way, is to save the top sawed off, fasten in a cork, and twist wire around the top of it, and then, after making the vase as the one just described, add bands of gilded cardboard made to fit the gourd, fastening them to the vase with glue. Handles can also be fashioned of cardboard and sewed to the upper band before it is glued to the vase.

There are many other ways of utilizing gourds, but we will leave it to your ingenuity to think up new and pretty conceits.

Pine-cones, large and small, acorns, and balls from the sweet-gum tree, can be used as small decorations.

Never try to fasten them by the natural stems, for these will soon break off, but place in each one a small screw eye, and when tied in groups they form ornaments for waste baskets and fancy baskets of all kinds. We have seen chandeliers with gilded cones hanging from the different points, and being the identical color of the chandelier, they seemed of the same material, and added novelty and grace to its appearance.

There are some varieties of the tree-fungi, which make dark, rich-colored brackets.

Use heavy cardboard or thin board as a covering for the back; have this fit the fungus perfectly, and fasten it securely in position with very stiff glue or nails. Paint the back the same color as the fungus, and on either side of the upper edge place screw-eyes by which to fasten up the bracket.

Many of the curiously formed galls and oak-apples to be found on different trees, can also be employed as ornaments.

Nothing can be finer than our brilliant autumn season, which is said to be more beautiful in this than other countries, with its crisp mornings and bright sunny afternoons.

When the weather is too lovely to remain in-doors, and all nature invites us out, then is the time to gather our fall decorations.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A CONTINUOUS HONEYMOON.—Since I last met with you face to face I have stepped down and out of the school room and taken the position of a happy wife and mother, and after almost five years of "true life," our honeymoon is not yet on the wane. I find by rescinting a month's issue of this, judging from some letters in the HOUSEHOLD, I might be set down as another fool who exchanged independence for a life of drudgery. Ah! well, I was one that drew in the lottery of life and obtained a prize not valued by dollars and cents, but by a noble heart, Christian virtue, and my darling boy. Who am I not happy. Two little ones have been born to us. The first only opened her eyes, then closed them, and the wee life was gone. Have any of you buried your first born before the touch of baby fingers were felt on your breast? Then come our boy—on Thanksgiving Day—and now he has grown into a toddling tot of 18 months and with what one of the HOUSEHOLD calls the HOUSEHOLD to get instructions for governing him aright. What a mountain of weight and responsibility should rest on every mother's heart—yes! and every father's, too, for are they not co-workers together? To correct children in a right manner takes many a prayer for guidance. It takes constant watching as to the disposition of a child. Never cross a child's disposition (I mean in the way of contrariness), unnecessarily, but be firm, stubborn, and force work is necessary at times. Never tell a child, no difference how small, to do something it cannot do; and if you tell them to do anything, see that it is done. I have never told them a falsehood; neither do I intend to. In making promises always make a proviso. I have never considered myself so busy that I did not expect obedience from baby. If I say "Come to mamma," and he don't incline to come, I go and get him, or perhaps induce him with a new toy, a flower, something to please his eye and make obedience pleasant for him. He is very easily supplied. Never give him, tender as he is, to love pets, flowers, and to be unkind to nothing. My baby will bring his little, chubby fists full of dandelions, with "Oh! oh!" which is his baby way of showing admiration. He calls them "stars." Some children with whom he plays will tell him to hit others, to say "mean" at this point, with a sneer on their face, at another, to even whip an offending element, be it stick or stone, if, perchance, he hurts himself. All this, mother has to counteract. Children take up children's ways so much easier than older people's! They fashion after themselves. Never, NEVER, *never* tell a child, no difference how old or young, that it is a little goose, a fool, that you have to make them mind you. I hear that every day from my next-door neighbor, and her children prove it. When a child loses confidence you might as well hang up your harp.—OPAL.

TRUE FRIENDSHIP.—Money can buy many things, good and evil. All the wealth of the world could not buy you a friend, nor put joy in the place of sorrow. "But I am wanting that have wanted everything." And again, "My heart shut up in the prison-house of this rude clay, has never found, nor will it ever find, a heart to speak to." We are the weakest of spendthrifts if we let one friend drop off through inattention, or let one push another away, or if we hold aloof from one for petty jealousy or heedless slight or ronginess. Would you throw away a diamond because it pricked you, or because some ignorant person said it was paste? Certainly not. We would try to find out whether or not it was real. Try and find out for yourself if they were worthy of true friendship, and if convinced in your own mind they are, listen not to those, who try to lure you away. A friend is not to be weighed against the jewels of all the earth. If there is a coolness or unkindness between us, let is come face to face and have it out. Quick, before love grows cold. "Life is too short to quarrel, am." One never puts in quarters and core them; line a pie pan with a nice crust, sprinking about three tablespoonfuls of flour in it, adding a little water, sugar, nutmeg, and dropping a few small pieces of butter in it. Bake in a moderate oven.

SPONGE CAKE.—Beat the whites and yolks of 8 eggs in separate dishes; when well beaten add 2 cupfuls sugar to the yolks, then add the whites, then stir in two cupfuls of flour, and bake in a deep cake pan, being careful not to have a hot fire while baking.—CLARA K.

FRIED FROGS' LEGS.—Take them from the cold water and dry with a soft towel. Season with salt, pepper, and dredge thickly with flour. Fry to a golden brown in butter; serve with cream sauce poured around them; garnish with fried parsley.—*Table Talk.*

STEWED FROGS' LEGS.—Take the frogs' legs from the cold water and dry them. Put a tablespoonful of butter in a frying-pan; when brown, add a tablespoonful of flour; mix until smooth; then add a half pint of stock; stir continually until it boils; add a half teaspoonful of salt, a salt-spoon of pepper; throw in the legs and simmer ten minutes; take from the fire; add the beaten yolk of one egg and serve at once.—*Table Talk.*

Our Young Folks.

TO THE "LEGION'S" FRIENDS.

As is usual in the summer season, there is a lull in the receipt of names of boys and girls for the BLADE Temperance Legion. The work of Rum goes on briskly in the summer as well as all other seasons. Will not those who are interested in saving the youth of our land from the Rum demon learn the lesson from this of not abating their efforts? We hope our friends will not neglect the work of securing recruits for the Legion. Let every boy and girl who has signed the pledge make it a matter of duty to obtain at least one additional signature. Send in the names, friends!

A LITTLE STRANGER.

BY MARY E. VANDYNE.

I guess you'd think it dreadful
If you were all alone,
And nobody about you
You'd ever, ever known.
Without mamma a baby
Is not the thing at all,
And a papa, should always
Be somewhere within call.

Two grandpas and two grandmas,
And aunties by the dozen,
With a sprinkling, too, of uncles,
And a perfect load of cousins,
With a nurse, are quite convenient;
And a lot of little frocks,
With capes and hoods and bonnets,
And a good supply of socks.

These things should be provided
For every baby born;
To miss them is quite dreadful,
And makes one quite forlorn.
I've told you what the facts are;
Henceforth I hope you'll see
That there are no helpless babies
Left all alone like me.

—*Harper's Young People.*

IKE'S ADVENTURE—A JUVENILE STORY.

BY LARRY LAWSON.

It was one of the hottest days of the hottest June that Baskerville had ever known. The tall birds sat on their nests all day to prevent the young birds from being roasted to death. The ducks, and the geese, and the chickens were afraid to go out in the sun, for fear of being burnt to a crisp. The cows waded into the creek and stood with only their noses out of water, and even those they would dip now and then, so that they should not be turned to corned beef before they knew it. As for Ike's dog, Skeezics, he lay down under the stove in the kitchen, which by way of contrast to temperature out of doors, was a comfortable spot. If I should tell you the state of the thermometer, you would not believe me, but the little details that I have given will show you that it was very hot that day. In spite of this Ike was determined to go and take his daily swim in Podger's pond, where he had been every day, rain or shine, since the middle of May. He tried to make Skeezikx go along, as usual, but that intelligent brute refused to come out from under the stove, and even when Ike threatened him with the hard-hot poker, he only lapped his dry chops and did not wince. So Ike had to go alone.

As a precaution against sunstroke, he cut a cabbage leaf and put it carefully in his hat, armed himself with a palm-leaf fan, and spread his best Sunday-go-to-meeting umbrell. It was too hot to take one of the horses and it was a long way to walk by the road, so he struck himself into the fields by going across the fields. As he went patiently along, the people in the farm-houses peeped out at him, shaking their heads, and saying:

"That Baxter boy'll be the death of himself yet, with his crazy antics." There were not so many of these remarks as there might have been, owing to the fact that the larger population of Baskerville was down cellar trying to keep cool, and failed to see the boy.

When Ike arrived at Podger's pond, there was not another boy in sight, anywhere. Fortunately, there was plenty of shade under the cherry tree, although it was not a very refreshing shade. Owing to the long hot spell, there was no life to the air: it was about such a shade as one would find in a fire proof vault on the morning after the fourth of July. As like gradually disrobed and felt how hot it really was, he concluded it would not be safe to go into the water bare-headed, so he kept on his hat; and for still greater safety he committed to bell the umbrella. Thus equipped, he waded in, and when it became too deep for wading, trod water until he reached the middle of the pond. Here the water shoaled to about the depth of two feet, so that by sitting down, with his neck and head out of water and the rest of him immersed, he could be quite comfortable, barring the danger of being parboiled.

Now, it chanced that on the day before, Ike and some of his friends had amused themselves by tormenting the frogs, of whom a goodly colony inhabited the pond. Like the natives at Donnybrook fair, whenever they saw a head they cracked it, using for this purpose the round and smoothest stones they could find, and giving them greater speed and accuracy of aim by means of their sling shots—weapons which need not be explained to boys. If any frog had dared, like the one in the fable, to rise in place and address his tormentors with the remark that "is might be fun for the boys, but it was death to the frogs," the chances were several to one that he would be declared out of order before his remarks were ended, and would have been relieved from a further consideration of the subject by a concentrated volley of deadly pebbles. The pond, however, was not, as yet arrived in Baskerville, and all that the poor creatures could do was to dive, or die. Ike had no compunction of conscience about this unequal warfare, for it was what the boys of Baskerville had been doing for generations, and not a solitary voice had ever been raised to question or criticize the custom—except, perhaps the feeble voice of some silly girl—within the memory of the oldest inhabitant.

It is a curious occupation, sitting in the water, and holding an umbrella over one's head, and Ike cast about for some device that would lighten even this easy labor. A log that came floating by, just within reach, gave him an idea. Passing the log behind him, he threw his arms over it and clasped his hands upon his breast. It moved him beautifully. The umbrella could now be easily on his shoulder, and he was spared any effort whatever. He even nodded, but the thought of a nap in the middle of Podger's pond was too novel to be entertained a moment. It was comfortable—very comfortable—but the logs of peace came into his face, and there is no knowing how long he might have sat or reclined there, staring lazily at the heap of clothes lying under the tree on the bank, had he not suddenly noticed a disturbance just in his line of vision. Somebody was putting on his clothes!

"Hey, there!" he shouted. "What are you about?" The person who was unknowingly appropriating his garments was a most peculiar looking individual. In front he was of a dull white color, while the back was a brilliant green. His mouth was large enough for six, and his eyes were wide apart and set in the top of his head, while his hands and feet were of an unusual shape, and seemed to be webbed, like a duck's.

"I say!" shouted Ike, for the stranger had paid no attention to his challenge: "That's my property; drop it!"

The impudent fellow smiled—oh; what a smile that was; an alligator might have smiled so—and made a chuckling noise, something like "R-r-r-r-roonk!" and kept on dressing.

"Oh, Mr. Runk, or whatever your name is, if you don't let my clothes alone, I'll come out there and show you what's what."

By this time he was pulling on Ike's coat, which was of that light texture known as duster. As he did so, Ike's sling shot fell out of one of the pockets.

"Ah," exclaimed the stranger, who in Ike's clothes looked so much like Ike himself that the latter began to feel very queer indeed. "Ah, what have we here?"

"That's mine, too," said Ike; "you just leave it alone, d'ye hear?"

"Perfectly, perfectly. And by the way Isaac, my name is not Runk, as you were pleased to call me, but Frog—Mr. Bull Frog, at your service. This looks like a remarkably fine sling-shot. Is it accurate?"

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"No, not yet, Isaac; not yet," said Mr. Frog, soothingly, and with a benignant smile. "We are going to try this weapon first. Let me see—a smooth round pebble is the best, I believe?"

"I tell you, I am coming out, right off," said Ike, angrily; but the log somehow clung to his arms, and he could not get rid of it, struggle as he might. In the meantime Mr. Frog had fitted a pebble into his sling shot, and with the posture of a born archer, he aimed it at Ike's head.

"Look out!" he cried. Ike had barely time to shift the umbrella to the front, when zip! came the pebble plump against its ribs.

"Not so bad, not so bad," mused Mr. Frog.

"See here," whined Ike; "you let up; I ain't doing anything to you."

"Certainly not," said Mr. Frog; "You are sitting there, enjoying yourself in your own quiet way. You are not doing me any harm. Look out!"

"Zip," another pebble still better aimed, came in under the umbrella and struck Ike sharply on the fingers.

"Ouch!" he roared. "Now stop, will you?"

"How he does enjoy a little fun," said Mr. Frog, gleefully, as if to himself. "Look out there!" This time the pebble came right through the umbrella and hit Ike on the bridge of the nose.

"Oh! that hurts," he cried, and indeed he was almost ready to whimper.

"Why don't you dive, goose?" asked Mr. Frog rather impatiently. "Look out!"

Ike took the advice and ducked, but came up sputtering in time to receive another pebble plump on his chest. This made him roar again with pain and mortification.

"Stay under, stay under boy!" laughed Mr. Frog. "Oh, this is too funny for anything!"

"It may be fun for you," protested Ike, "but its death—I—"

"There, there," exclaimed Mr. Frog, testily. "That is a chestnut. Look out! Oh, I shall die with laughter! How he does caper!"

"I aint going to stand this any longer," said Ike, resolutely. "I'm coming ashore, and when I get there, I'll show you!"

"Come along," said Mr. Frog, coolly.

It was easy to say, but Ike could not with all his efforts, get rid of that log, nor move away from the spot where he sat.

"Well," said he, desperately. "I give up. Go ahead and kill me."

"Now, Isaac, you talk like a sensible boy. You are in a proper frame of mind for what I have to say. Do you remember what you were doing here yesterday?"

"Yes," said Ike, sullenly, "I was fishing."

"Were the frogs doing you any harm?"

"No."

"Were they enjoying themselves in their own way, without interfering with you, eh? Look out—no, I guess you've suffered enough," he added, as Ike, with a terrified shout, tried to duck again.

"Now," continued Mr. Frog, "why can't you let us alone. Why can't you have your own fun and let us have ours?"

"All the boys do it," urged Ike.

"Then you speak up for us next time. Tell them to put themselves in our place. You know how it feels, now. Well, that's all I have to say at present. I hope things will go well when you come around again on the same errand. This playing boy is a stupid game. Good day."

With that he slipped out of Ike's clothes as a snake slips out of his skin, and dived into the pond leaving only a circle of ripples to tell where he had gone. Ike rose to his feet, pushed away the log and made his way to the shore. As he dressed, his dog knew it. As for Ike's dog, Skeezikx, he lay down under the stove in the kitchen, which by way of contrast to temperature out of doors, was a comfortable spot. If I should tell you the state of the thermometer, you would not believe me, but the little details that I have given will show you that it was a very hot day. In spite of this Ike was determined to go and take his daily swim in Podger's pond, where he had been every day, rain or shine, since the middle of May. He tried to make Skeezikx go along, as usual, but that intelligent brute refused to come out from under the stove, and even when Ike threatened him with the hard-hot poker, he only lapped his dry chops and did not wince. So Ike had to go alone.

As a precaution against sunstroke, he cut a cabbage leaf and put it carefully in his hat, armed himself with a palm-leaf fan, and spread his best Sunday-go-to-meeting umbrell. It was too hot to take one of the horses and it was a long way to walk by the road, so he struck himself into the fields by going across the fields. As he went patiently along, the people in the farm-houses peeped out at him, shaking their heads, and saying:

"That Baxter boy'll be the death of himself yet, with his crazy antics." There were not so many of these remarks as there might have been, owing to the fact that the larger population of Baskerville was down cellar trying to keep cool, and failed to see the boy.

When Ike arrived at Podger's pond, there was not another boy in sight, anywhere. Fortunately, there was plenty of shade under the cherry tree, although it was not a very refreshing shade. Owing to the long hot spell, there was no life to the air: it was about such a shade as one would find in a fire proof vault on the morning after the fourth of July. As like gradually disrobed and felt how hot it really was, he concluded it would not be safe to go into the water bare-headed, so he kept on his hat; and for still greater safety he committed to bell the umbrella. Thus equipped, he waded in, and when it became too deep for wading, trod water until he reached the middle of the pond. Here the water shoaled to about the depth of two feet, so that by sitting down, with his neck and head out of water and the rest of him immersed, he could be quite comfortable, barring the danger of being parboiled.

Now, it chanced that on the day before, Ike and some of his friends had amused themselves by tormenting the frogs, of whom a goodly colony inhabited the pond. Like the natives at Donnybrook fair, whenever they saw a head they cracked it, using for this purpose the round and smoothest stones they could find, and giving them greater speed and accuracy of aim by means of their sling shots—weapons which need not be explained to boys. If any frog had dared, like the one in the fable, to rise in place and address his tormentors with the remark that "is might be fun for the boys, but it was death to the frogs," the chances were several to one that he would be declared out of order before his remarks were ended, and would have been relieved from a further consideration of the subject by a concentrated volley of deadly pebbles. The pond, however, was not, as yet arrived in Baskerville, and all that the poor creatures could do was to dive, or die. Ike had no compunction of conscience about this unequal warfare, for it was what the boys of Baskerville had been doing for generations, and not a solitary voice had ever been raised to question or criticize the custom—except, perhaps the feeble voice of some silly girl—within the memory of the oldest inhabitant.

It is a curious occupation, sitting in the water, and holding an umbrella over one's head, and Ike cast about for some device that would lighten even this easy labor. A log that came floating by, just within reach, gave him an idea. Passing the log behind him, he threw his arms over it and clasped his hands upon his breast. It moved him beautifully. The umbrella could now be easily on his shoulder, and he was spared any effort whatever. He even nodded, but the thought of a nap in the middle of Podger's pond was too novel to be entertained a moment. It was comfortable—very comfortable—but the logs of peace came into his face, and there is no knowing how long he might have sat or reclined there, staring lazily at the heap of clothes lying under the tree on the bank, had he not suddenly noticed a disturbance just in his line of vision. Somebody was putting on his clothes!

"Hey, there!" he shouted. "What are you about?" The person who was unknowingly appropriating his garments was a most peculiar looking individual. In front he was of a dull white color, while the back was a brilliant green. His mouth was large enough for six, and his eyes were wide apart and set in the top of his head, while his hands and feet were of an unusual shape, and seemed to be webbed, like a duck's.

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"Not so bad, not so bad," mused Mr. Frog.

A LITTLE STRANGER.

BY MARY E. VANDYNE.

I guess you'd think it dreadful
If you were all alone,
And nobody about you
You'd ever, ever known.
Without mamma a baby
Is not the thing at all,
And a papa, should always
Be somewhere within call.

Two grandpas and two grandmas,
And aunties by the dozen,
With a sprinkling, too, of uncles,
And a perfect load of cousins,
With a nurse, are quite convenient;
And a lot of little frocks,
With capes and hoods and bonnets,
And a good supply of socks.

These things should be provided
For every baby born;
To miss them is quite dreadful,
And makes one quite forlorn.
I've told you what the facts are;
Henceforth I hope you'll see
That there are no helpless babies
Left all alone like me.

—*Harper's Young People.*

IKE'S ADVENTURE—A JUVENILE STORY.

BY LARRY LAWSON.

It was one of the hottest days of the hottest June that Baskerville had ever known. The tall birds sat on their nests all day to prevent the young birds from being roasted to death. The ducks, and the geese, and the chickens were afraid to go out in the sun, for fear of being burnt to a crisp. The cows waded into the creek and stood with only their noses out of water, and even those they would dip now and then, so that they should not be turned to corned beef before they knew it. As for Ike's dog, Skeezikx, he lay down under the stove in the kitchen, which by way of contrast to temperature out of doors, was a comfortable spot. If I should tell you the state of the thermometer, you would not believe me, but the little details that I have given will show you that it was a very hot day. In spite of this Ike was determined to go and take his daily swim in Podger's pond, where he had been every day, rain or shine, since the middle of May. He tried to make Skeezikx go along, as usual, but that intelligent brute refused to come out from under the stove, and even when Ike threatened him with the hard-hot poker, he only lapped his dry chops and did not wince. So Ike had to go alone.

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EVERY-DAY MARTYRS.

DR. TALMAGE AT LAKESIDE, OHIO.

The Sword Has Not Slain So Many as the Needle—The Majority of Martyrs Are Women—The Heroes of Christian Charity.

LAKESIDE, O., July 29.—For many years an assembly of the Chautauqua type has been held at this point. The leading professors, scholars and clergymen of this and other lands have addressed the audiences. The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage D. D., of Brooklyn, is now here. He lectured yesterday (Saturday) and preached to-day, to throngs innumerable. The subject of his sermon to-day was: "The Martyrs of Everyday Life." He took for his text: "Thou, therefore, endure hardness."—II Timothy, ii, 3. Dr. Talmage said:

Historians are not slow to acknowledge the merits of great military chieftains. We have the full portraits of the Cromwells, the Washingtons, the Napoleons and the Wellingtons of the world. History is not written in black ink, but with red ink of human blood. The gods of human ambition do not drink from bowls made of silver or gold, or precious stones, but out of the bleached skulls of the fallen. But I am now to unroll before you a scroll of heroes that the world has never acknowledged; those who faced no gun, blew no bugle blast, conquered no cities, chained no captives to their chariot wheels, and yet, in the great day of eternity, will stand higher than those whose names startled the nations; and seraph, and rapt spirit, and archangel will tell their deeds to a listening universe. I mean the heroes of common, everyday life.

In this roll, in the first place, I find all the heroes of the sick room. When Satan had failed to overcome Job he said to God: "Put forth thy hand and touch his bones and his flesh, and he will curse thee to thy face." Satan had found out what we have all found out, that sickness is the greatest test of one's character. A man who can stand that can stand anything. To be shut in a room as fast as though it were a bastile. To be so nervous you cannot endure the tap of a child's foot. To have luxuriant fruit, which tempts the appetite of the robust and healthy, excite our loathing and disgust when it first appears on the platter. To have the rapier of pain strike through the side, or across the temples, like a razor, or to put the foot into a vise, or throw a wheel of torture into a blaze of fever. Yet there have been men and women, but more women than men, who have cheerfully endured this hardness. Through years of exhausting rheumatisms and excruciating neuralgias they have gone, and through bodily distresses that rasped the nerves and tore the muscles and paled the cheeks and bowed the shoulders. By the dim light of the sick room taper they saw on their wall the picture of that land where the inhabitants are never sick. Through the dead silence of the night they heard the chorus of the angels. The cancer ate away her life from week to week and day to day, and she became weaker and weaker, and every "good night" was to her a farewell to "good-by" before—yet never sad. The children looked up into her face and saw suffering transformed into a heavenly smile. Those who suffered on the battle field amid shot and shell were not so much heroes and heroines as those who in the field hospital and in the asylum had fevers which no ice could cool and no surgery cure. No shout of a comrade to cheer them, but numbness, and aching, and homesickness—yet willing to suffer, confident in God, hopeful of heaven. Heroes of rheumatism. Heroes of neuralgia. Heroes of spinal complaint. Heroes of sick headache. Heroes of lifelong invalidism. Heroes and heroines. They shall reign for ever and ever.

Hark! I catch just one note of the eternal anthem! "There shall be no more pain." Bless God for that.

In this roll I also find the heroes of toil, who do their work uncomplainingly. It is comparatively easy to lead a regiment into battle when you know that the whole nation will applaud the victory; it is comparatively easy to work on the side when you know that your skill will be appreciated by a large company of friends and relatives; it is comparatively easy to address an audience when in the gleaming eyes and the flushed cheeks you know that your sentiments are adopted; but to do sewing where you expect that the employer will come and find fault, and through the work show how imperfect it is, or to have the whole garment thrown back on you to be done over again; to build a wall and there will be no one to say you did it well, but only a swearing employer howling across the scaffold; to work until your eyes are dim and your back aches, and your heart faints, and to know that on your shop or home night your children will starve. Ah! the sword has not slain so many as the needle. The great battlefields of our late war were not Gettysburg and Shiloh and South Mountain. The great battlefields of the last war were in the arsenals and in the shops and in the attics, where women made army jackets for sixpence. They toiled on until death on hard floor or hard funeral eulogium, but in the name of God, this day I enroll their names among those of whom the world was not worthy. Heroes of the needle. Heroes of the sewing machine. Heroes of the attics. Heroes of the cellar. Heroes and heroines. Bless God for them.

In this roll I also find the heroes who have uncomplainingly endured domestic infelicities. There are men who for their toil and anxiety have no sympathy in their homes. Exhausting application to business gets them a livelihood, but an unfrugal wife scatters it. He is fretted at from the moment he enters the door until he comes out of it. The exasperations of business life augmented by the exasperations of domestic life. Such men are martyrs indeed. They have a heartbreaking trouble, and they would have long ago gone into appalling dissipations but for the grace of God. Society to-day is strewn with the wrecks of men who, under the northeast storm of domestic infelicity, have been driven on the rocks. There are tens of thousands of drunkards in this country to-day, made such by their wives. That is not poetry. That is prose. But the wrong is generally in the opposite direction. You would not have to go far to find a wife whose life is a perpetual martyrdom. Something heavier than a stroke of a fist; unkind words, staggerings home at midnight, and constant maltreatment which have left her only a wreck of what she was on that day when in the midst of a brilliant assemblage the vows were taken, and full organ played the wedding march, and the carriage rolled away with the benediction of the people. What was the burning of Latimer and Ridley at the stake compared with this? Those men soon became unconscious in the fire, but here is a fifty years' martyrdom, a fifty years' putting to death, yet uncomplaining. No bitter words when the rollicking companions at 2 o'clock in the morning pitch the husband, dead drunk, into the front entry. No bitter words when wiping from his swollen brow the blood struck out in a midnight carousal. Bending over the battered and bruised form of him, who, when he took her from her father's home, promised love, and kindness, and protection, yet nothing but sympathy, and prayers, and forgiveness before they are asked for. No bitter words when the family Bible goes for rum, and the pawnbroker's shop gets the best dress. Some day, desiring to evoke the story of her sorrows, you say: "Well, how are you getting along now?" and rallying her trembling voice and quieting her quivering lip, she says: "Pretty well, thank you, pretty well." She never will tell you. In the delirium of her last sickness she may tell all the secrets of her life time, but she will not tell that. Not until the books of eternity are opened out the throne of judgment will ever be known what she has suffered. Oh! ye who are twisting a garland for the victor, put it on that pale brow. When she is dead the neighbors will beg linen to make her shroud, and she will be carried out in a plain box with no silver plate to tell her years, for she has lived a thousand years of trial and anguish. The gamblers and swindlers who destroyed her husband will not come to the funeral. One carriage will be enough for that funeral—one carriage to carry the orphans and the two Christian women who presided over the obsequies. But there is a flush and the opening of a celestial door and a shout: "Lift up your head, ye everlasting gate, and let her come in!" And Christ will step forth and say: "Come in! ye suffered with me on earth, be glorified with me in heaven." What is the highest throne in heaven? You say: "The throne of the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb." No doubt about it. What is the next highest throne in heaven? While I speak it seems to me that it will be the throne of the drunkard's wife, if she with cheerful patience endured all her earthly torture. Heroes and heroines.

I find also in this roll the heroes of Christian charity. We all admire the George Peabodys and the James Lenoxes of the earth, who give tens and hundreds of thousands of dollars to good objects.

But I am speaking this morning of those who, out of their pinched poverty, help others—of such men as those Christian missionaries at the west, who are living on $250 a year that they may proclaim Christ to the people, one of them, writing to the secretary in New York saying "I thank you for that $25. Until yesterday we have had no meat in our house for three months. We have suffered terribly. My children have no shoes this winter." And of those people who have only a half loaf of bread, but give a piece of it to others who are hungrier; and of those who have only a scuttle of coal, but help others to fuel; and of those who have only a dollar in their pocket, and give twenty-five cents to somebody else; and of that father who wears a shabby coat, and of that mother who wears a faded dress, that their children may be well appareled. You call them paupers, or ragamuffins or emigrants. I call them heroes and heroines. You and I may not know where they live, or what their name is. God knows, and they have more angels hovering over them than you and I have, and they will have a higher seat in heaven.

They may have only a cup of cold water to give a poor traveler, or may have only picked a splinter from under the nail of a child's finger, or have put only two mites into the treasury, but the Lord knows them. Considering what they had, they did more than we have ever done, and their faded dress will become a white robe, and the small room will be an eternal mansion, and the old hat will be a coronet of victory, and all the applause of earth and all the shouting of heaven will be drowned out when God rises up to give his reward to those humble workers in his kingdom, and to say to them: "Well done, good and faithful servant." You have all seen or heard of the ruin of Melrose abbey. I suppose in some respects it is the most exquisite ruin on earth. And yet, looking at it I never was so much impressed as when I sat down to bad taste—but I was not so deeply stirred as I was at a tombstone at the foot of that abbey—the tombstone placed by Walter Scott over the grave of an old man who had served him for many years in his house—the inscription is most significant, and I defy any man to stand there and read it without his eyes coming to a flow over the epitaph, "Well done, good and faithful servant." Oh, when our work is over, will it be found that because of anything we have done for God, or the church, or suffering humanity, that such an inscription is appropriate for us? God grant it.

Who are those who were bravest and deserved the greatest monument—Lord Claverhouse and his burly soldiers or John Brown, the Edinburgh carrier, and his wife? Mr. Atkins, the persecuted minister of Jesus Christ, whose funeral was secreted by John Brown and his wife, and Claverhouse rode up one day with his armed men and shouted in front of the house. John Brown's little girl came out. He said to her: "Well, Miss, is Mr. Atkins here?" She made no answer for she could not betray the minister of the Gospel. "Ha!" Claverhouse muttered, "a child of the old block, are you? I have something in my pocket for you. It is a nosegay. Some people call it a thumbscrew, but I call it a nosegay." And he got off the horse and he put it on the little girl's hand and began to turn it until the bones cracked and she cried: He said: "Don't cry; don't cry; this isn't a thumbscrew; these is a nosegay." And they heard the child's cry, and the father and mother came out, and Claverhouse said: "Ha! It seems that you three have laid your holy heads together, determined to die like all the rest of your hypocritical, canting, snivveling crew; rather than give up, good Mr. Atkins, pious Mr. Atkins, you would die. I have a telescope with me that will improve your vision," and he pulled out a pistol. "Now," he said, "you old pragmatical, lest you should catch cold in this cold morning of Scotland, and for the honor and safety of the king, to say nothing of the glory of God and the good of our souls, I will proceed simply and in the neatest and most expeditious style possible to blow your brains out." And he got down upon his knees and began to pray. "Ah!" said Claverhouse, "look out, if you are going to pray; steer clear of the king, the council and Richard Cameron." "O! Lord," said John Brown, "since it seems to be thy will that I should leave this world for a world where I can love thee better and serve thee more, I put this poor widow woman and these her helpless, fatherless children into thy hands. We have been together in peace a good while, but now we must look forth to a better meeting in heaven, and as for these poor creatures, blindfolded and infatuated, that stand before me, convert them before it be too late, and may they who have sat in judgment in this lonely place at this blessed morning upon me, a poor, defenseless fellow-creature—may they in the last judgment find that mercy which they have refused to me, thy most unworthy, but faithful servant. Amen." He rose up and said: "Isabel, the hour has come of which I spoke to you on the morning when I proposed hand and heart to you; and are you willing now, for the love of God, to die?" She put her arms around him and said: "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord!" "Stop that snivveling," said Claverhouse, "I have had enough of it. Soldiers, do your work. Take aim! Fire!" And the head of John Brown was scattered on the ground. Isabel Brown was gathering up in her apron the fragments of her husband's head—gathering them up for burial—Claverhouse looked into her face and said: "Now, my good woman, how do you feel about your bonnie man?" "Oh," she said, "I have always thought well of him; he has been very good to me; I had no reason for thinking anything but well of him, and I think better of him now than ever." "What a grand thing it will be in the last day to see God pick out his heroes and his heroines. Who are those paupers of eternity trudging off from the gates of heaven? Who are they? The Lord Claverhouses and the Herods and those who had scepters, and crowns, and thrones, but they lived for their own aggrandizement, and they broke the heart of nations. Heroes of earth, but cowards of heaven. I see the drums of their eternal despair. Woe! woe! woe!

But there is great excitement in heaven. Why those long processions? Why the booming of that great bell in the tower? It is the coronation day in heaven.

Who are those rising on the thrones with crowns of eternal royalty? They must have been great people on the earth, world renowned people. No. They taught in a ragged school. Taught in a ragged school! Is that all? That is all. Who are those souls waving scepters of eternal dominion? Why, they are little children who waited on invalid mothers. That all? That is all. Is he who saved "Little Mary" on earth. She is an empress now. Who are that great multitude on the highest thrones of heaven? Who are they? Why they fed the hungry, they clothed the naked, they healed the sick, they comforted the heartbroken. They never found any rest until they put their head down on the pillow of the sepulcher. God watched them. God laughed defiance at the enemies who put their heels hard down on these his dear children; and one day the Lord struck his hand so hard on his thigh that the omnipotent sword rattled in the buckler, as he said: "I am their God, and no weapon formed against them shall prosper." What harm can the world do you when the Lord Almighty with unsheathed sword fights for you?

I preach this sermon for comfort. Go home to the place just where God has put you, to play the hero or the heroine. Do not envy any man his money or his applause or his social position. Do not envy any woman her wardrobe or her exquisite appearance. Be the hero or the heroine. What if you have to flourish in the house and you do not know where your children are to get their bread, listen, and you will hear something tapping against the window pane. Go to the window and you will find it the beak of a raven, and open the window and there will fly in the messenger that fed Elijah. Do you think that the God who grows the cotton of the south will let you freeze for lack of clothes? Do you think that the God who allowed the disciples on Sunday morning to go into the grain field, and then take the grain and rub it in their hands and eat—do you think God will let you starve! Did you ever hear the experience of that old man: "I have been young, and now am I old, yet have I never seen the righteous forsaken, or his seed begging bread?" Get up out of your discouragement, O, troubled soul! O, sewing woman! O, man kicked and cuffed by unjust employers, O! ye who are hard beset in the battle of life and know not which way to turn. O! you bereft one, O! you sick one with complaints you have told to no one, come and get the comfort of this subject. Listen to our great Captain's cheer: "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the fruit of the tree of life which is in the midst of the Paradise of God."

In the far East there is a bird called the Huma, about which is the beautiful superstition that upon whatever head the shadow of its wings shall rest upon that head shall be a crown.

Oh, Thou Dove of the Spirit, floating above us, let the shadow of thy wings fall upon this congregation that each at last in heaven may wear upon his head a crown! and hold in his hand a star! a star!

PROSPECTS ARE BETTER.

As the Chances for a Change in Tariff Laws Lessen Business Improves—Dun's Weekly.

NEW YORK, July 28.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says: Improvement continues, as crop prospects are still good, labor troubles diminish, and prospects of a change of tariff lessen. The decision that Senators will mature a bill is generally supposed to insure no agreement this year. The collapse of the Western Iron Manufacturers' association has set nearly all mills at work, and makes pig iron firmer, bar iron is weaker. The official report shows a decrease of 347,000 tons in the output of pig iron for the half year, with an increase of 63,124 tons in stocks unsold. Southern states produced 433,796 tons against 423,330 for the last half of 1887, with 13,136 tons more unsold, so that the great increase which was expected in supply from that quarter has not yet been realized. The decrease in the Bessemer pig production was 382,553 tons, and in rails produced, 331,123 tons. So that the production and consumption of other iron was fairly maintained.

Stocks have been strengthened by a decision arresting the inforcement of the Iowa rates, according to report, on the broad ground that legislatures have no power to fix such rates that companies can't earn fixed charges and something for dividend besides. Wars of rates do not cease, and Inter-state decisions on many important cases are deferred. But net earnings of eighty-two roads in May showed a loss of 8.4 per cent., though their gross earnings gained 6.4 per cent. and the gains in gross earnings for July have been less than half as large. Statements show that 2,428,000 miles of road have been placed in the hands of receivers during the half year with $153,650,000 bonds and stocks, against only 428,000 miles and $28,200,000 bonds and stocks for the first half of last year. But the average price of stocks has risen about $1.40 per share, though less strong of late.

Reports of domestic trade are almost uniformly encouraging, for, though dullness yet prevails, improvement appears at many points. The clearings at all cities exceed last year's by 10.3 per cent. and outside New York by 5.5 per cent., with larger gains at Boston, Chicago and New Orleans. The complaints of slow collections increase, however, especially in connection with the distribution of manufactured goods, and the "cornering" of the sugar trust by Spreckles has taken profits from that trade of grocers. At Philadelphia and Pittsburg a better feeling appears in metal branches, and at Baltimore and Detroit in dry goods and boots and shoes, but Eastern manufacturers are still retarded by the movement of labor.

Foreign trade for June showed imports exceeding exports by $18,206,340 and for the half year the excess was $61,463,220 Against this the net exports of gold and silver for the half year were $17,488,831, so that when interest and undervaluation are considered the movement of foreign capital this way appears to have exceeded $100,000,000 for the half year.

The failures attending the half-yearly settlements have been numerous. For four weeks the number in the United States has been 821 against 594 last year, but in Canada only 82 against 95 last year.

Business failures during the last seven days number: United States, 199; Canada, 22; total 221, as compared with 228 last week and 184 for the corresponding week of last year.

AN OLD COUPLE INSANE.

James and Anna Stevenson Crazed by Religion—The Wife's Delusion Is That She Created the Universe.

CHICAGO, July 28.—James and Anna Stevenson, husband and wife, and both violently insane, presented a strange and unusual spectacle in the court of inquiry for the insane. Weird and sad scenes, sometimes grotesque in their pitiableness, and always sorrowful, are common in this court, where time-hardened officials collect are gathered each Thursday to be examined and passed upon by a jury, and to be sent to some asylum where the body may decay as well as the mind. The Stevensons were a novelty even here. They are aged 55 and 50 years respectively, and have been residents of Washington Heights. Their mental failure was caused by religious excitement, and assumed so dangerous a course that they were taken into custody. When they were brought into the court today their appearance was strikingly grotesque. They were attired in ragged, old clothes, though they are said to own a valuable piece of land at Washington Heights. The lady's skirt was of old hair-cloth, such as is frequently used in covering lounges and chairs, and she wore a strip of the same material about her head, tying her ears down flat. "I wear this," she said, pointing to her marvelous head gear, "because I want to keep out all other religions except my own. I'm no high-toned fellow like him of Judge Gary's court, although we could have the finest in the world, if I wanted it."

"How old are you, madam?" asked the court.

"I am 55,000 years old, and I am the owner of the whole universe which I created out of nothing. My husband there was nothing but a piece of dough, but I blew the breath of life into him and made him a living being. Isn't that true, James?"

"Yes, judge," said "James" with great meekness, "what she says is straight. She created the world and me."

"Yes," resumed the poor woman, "I have sailed over fifty million buildings, all bigger than any in Chicago. Why, I could step over this building as easy as not if I wanted to do it."

"Yes, everything she says is so," again coincided James."

Stevenson said he had been a soldier in the late rebellion, and was wounded at the battle of Black River Bridge. While he lay wounded on the field his wife came to him in spirit, though he had never seen her in the flesh until but a few months ago. They were married seventeen years later.

Neighbors testified that the old couple were homicidal in their tendencies, and had shot at cows and dogs and had attempted to shoot persons. They will be taken at once to the county asylum.

RAIDERS IN CALIFORNIA.

Outlaws Ride Onto Gen. Beall's Ranch and Drive Off a Lot of Cattle—Their Pursuer's House Burned.

CHICAGO, July 28.—A special from San Francisco says: Los Angeles county has long been terrorized by a well armed band of outlaws whose desperate deeds and depredations have menaced the public peace.

Last week the outlaws, headed by Frank Fray, a notorious murderer, raided the cattle on Gen. Beall's ranch, near Lancaster, and drove off a large herd.

As soon as Beall heard of the raid he offered a reward of $500 each for the capture of the thieves, dead or alive. Bony Crane, one of Beall's men and a daring fighter, started in pursuit of Fray's band. Fray heard of it, and, eluding his pursuer, rode into Lancaster at the head of his band, while Crane was absent.

His men were armed to the teeth. Holding the angry citizens at bay, they surrounded Crane's house and burned it to the ground. The people were powerless to interfere. After the burning of the house the robbers beat a retreat, and as they galloped out of town shots were fired at them, but it does not appear that any of them were hit. An indignation meeting was held and a posse of armed men was organized to follow the trail of the bandits.

THE IRON TRADE.

Cincinnati to Have the Largest Pipe Mill in the World.

CINCINNATI, July 28.—Col. S. D. Maxwell, superintendent of the Chamber of Commerce, in an article on iron in his forthcoming report, says that last year's receipts of manufactured iron in Cincinnati, aggregated 155,885 tons, the largest in the history of the city.

He says further that 108 acres of ground has been secured on the Ohio river, below the city and adjacent to it, for the erection of the largest and most complete plant in the world for casting iron pipe.

A Soap Trust.

PITTSBURG, Pa., July 27.—A movement is on foot among the soap manufacturers of the United States to form a soap trust. A meeting was held in New York city recently and the plans of organization discussed, but no definite action was taken. It is proposed to hold another meeting shortly and perfect the organization. The association will regulate prices and production, and endeavor to secure legislation that will protect the best interests of the manufacturers

MUSTANG LINIMENT
CURES FOOT ROT, SHOULDER-ROT, SCREW-WORM AND SCAB IN SHEEP!

MUSTANG LINIMENT
SHOULD ALWAYS BE KEPT IN SHOP, KITCHEN, STABLE AND FACTORY!

MUSTANG LINIMENT
IS FOR MAN & BEAST. PENETRATES MUSCLE & FIBRE TO THE VERY BONE.

The Farm.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Suckers on Sweet Corn.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Will some who has had experience and knows, please to answer this: Is it best to remove the suckers or lateral shoots, from sweet corn when planted especially for table use?—AMOS ROW, Waukon, Iowa.

Plan for Double-Tree.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I am a constant reader of the good old BLADE, especially of the Farm department. I would like to know if some one of the readers cannot give me a good plan for a double-tree for working four horses abreast in a walking-plow and so one does not have to walk on the plowed ground. Also, how to remove lumps from cow's teeth.—S. W. G., Wellsville, Kan.

Frequent Stirring of Soil—Raising Potatoes.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—In the last issue of you paper I read an article giving a first rate explanation of the good effect of a frequent stirring of the soil around the corn, in a dry time, and would like to add my mite to it. I find this to be my experience with corn. If you, in the time to plow corn, plow it reasonably often wet, or dry, you can expect to raise corn. Plow it until it shades the ground if you can.

About a dozen years ago, I read a farmers letter in some newspaper, in which he gave his way of raising potatoes. I tried it, and found it good. Here it is: Have your ground in good shape, preferably fall plowed, and manured, if not rich enough without. Mark out with a two horse old ground plow, 42 by 46 inch between the rows. Drop your seed—I prefer to have them from 10 inches to 14 inches a part according to the habit of the kind of potatoes you are planting. To cover them take your two horse cultivator and set the shovels to throw in the soil pretty well, making a ridge over the row; then when the weeds stick their long heads through the ground, or just before, give the ground a good harrowing, and may be repeat it from time to time as needful, until the potatoes are large enough to plow. Then plow quite often until the patch is well in bloom. This year I tried a way which I believe is even better than this and I will give it in another letter.—WM. C. TEMPLE, Victoria, Ill.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Poisoned Dog.

T. S. R., Toledo: The peritoneal coat of your dog's stomach having been injured by poison, it will be a difficult matter to restore him to health. You may bring him around by careful treatment. Give him a warm bath each day for a week, and have him blanketed with a light blanket after the bath. For four days, twice a day, administer extract of gentian, 6 grains; powdered rhubarb, 2 grains; carbonate of soda, 3 grains. Then for three days, for three or four days, sulphate of quinine, 1 grain; extract of hemlock, 2 grains; ginger, 2 grains. Cut the hair from along the back, and rub this in well once a day for three days: Liquor of ammonia, spirits of turpentine, laudanum and sweet oil, of each half an ounce. Shake well before applying.

Brittle Feet.

Subscriber, Toledo: The cause of the brittle hoofs in your horses may be traced, we think, to founder. You will find that his hoofs are not spread out naturally. The best thing you can do will be to pare the feet down so that you may press the sole with the thumb. Rasp off the quarters and be careful not to cut the frog. Let it grow full, open the heel well, and apply blister to the coronet. The blister may be: bichloride of mercury two drachms, lard two ounces. Apply in the evening and wash off in the morning with soap and water, repeating every day for three or four days; then omit for a few days, and apply again. Rub the hoofs with pine tar, four fluid ounces; neat's oil, four ounces. Keep this on the hoofs for some time. The horse should have no shoes put on him for a month, if possible. If not, put on shoes with no cauks, level on the bearing surface, and beveled off. If the animal is kept in a stable, the floor of the stall should be of earth. If he could run loose in a lot or field, it would be better. The ringbone may be hereditary. If so, it will be difficult to overcome.

Poll Evil.

H. M. L. (no state)—If the poll evil in your horse is of recent date, apply tincture of arnica, and vinegar, two ounces each, and water, one quart. Lay cloths on the swelling and wet them frequently with this. If the inflammation subsides and there is hardness left, rub the part with iodine, 1 drachm, lard, 1 ounce. Mix. If pus forms, the swelling should be opened at once, and not after. If pus is allowed to and burrowed into the neck, forming pipes, the fistulas must be freely opened to the ends with a sharp scalpel, the bone scraped, if diseased, and the whole thoroughly washed and syringed every day with this: Chloride of zinc, 30 grains; water, 1 quart. When the joint is attacked, the case becomes hopeless. In cases severe, setons may be inserted, down along the track, from the original opening to the bottom of the fistulas.

Splenetic Apoplexy—Bloody Murrain.

J. L. C., Lexington Farm, Tenn.: Your hogs died of a disease known as splenetic apoplexy. In this disease there is a staggering or reeling and the animal puts its feet wide apart in endeavoring to stand up. The breath is rapid and the eyes are red. The lining membrane of the mouth is infected with blood of a dull, red color, and the tongue is covered with blood. No very successful treatment has as yet been discovered for the disease. A medicine said to be superior to all others is chlorate of potash and water. Give each hog a quarter of an ounce of the potash in half a pint of water three times a day. It is a contagious disease, and the best thing that can be done is, as soon as you see a hog that has it, the animal should be removed a considerable distance from the others. The flesh of hogs dying with this disease is poisonous, and the blood discharges are capable of spreading the disease among other animals. If inoculated through a sore on the hand or otherwise into the human system death will follow. Bloody murrain is a dangerous disease, and all animals dying of it should be cremated at once, as their flesh is poisonous to both man and beast. The odor of their decaying bodies disseminates the disease. For this disease Mr. Tonatt and others speak highly of this: Chloride of lime, 2 to 4 drachms; prepared chalk, one ounce; laudanum, 2 drachms. Mix and give in a pint of warm gruel every two or three hours. An excellent thing in addition to the above, is to put a seton in the shape of a broad, coarse tape in the dulaps, a foot in length, and an inch wide. Smear this tape with irritating ointment and turn it every day. It should remain in for about six weeks.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Milk With Bitter Taste.

Subscriber, Lansing, Mich.: We have heretofore explained the cause of bitter milk, but as it is a thing of frequent occurrence, it will not be out of place to again refer to it. Mr. Henry Stewart, in *The Dairyman's Manual* gives a clear idea of the cause of bitter milk and now to prevent it. He says:

"Ropy, bitter, or acid milk, the latter producing specks of curd in the butter, may be and usually are caused by ill-health in the cow, by which the condition of the blood is affected. The milk in its normal, healthful condition is slightly alkaline; but when the blood is out of condition its alkalinity may be much increased, or the milk may be acid. In one case only, however, have I found ropy milk excessively alkaline; in every other case in which I have tested such milk it has been distinctly acid, and has sometimes shown the test of litmus paper in a high degree of acidity and has become very soon completely curdled; the long, fibrous clots, placed under the microscope, appear simply as curd formed in the ducts and molded by them into the stringy pieces which pass through the teat into the milk. This ropy or stringy matter is easily dissolved in a solution of carbonate of soda or potash, and would therefore seem to be caused by acidity. The white specks which often appear in the butter are due to a similar cause, and are merely particles of curd or cheesy matter which are formed in the milk and adhere to the cream, and are carried up and mingled with it, and so go with it into the churn. In this case they are only partially removed by the most careful washing, and the butter is unavoidably injured by them.

The best remedy for all these troubles with the milk is to administer one pound of sulphate of soda (Glauber salts) or of sulphate of magnesia (Epsom salts), dissolved in warm water, by means of a common drenching horn; and after this has operated, a daily dose of one ounce of hyposulphite of soda may be given with benefit, for two weeks, so as to effectually free the system from all acidity. This salt is a most valuable medicine in the dairy on account of its antiseptic and alterative properties, and a pound or two may be beneficially kept for use. It is readily taken when powdered and sprinkled over a mess of scalded bran or some cut feed, and it will be found useful in all these cases of trouble with milk, and requires special consideration.

Fairs, Independent and State.

Agr'l and Driving Park association, Lincoln, Ill.	Aug. 27-31
Agr'l and Arts association, Toronto	Sept. 10-15
Alabama, Montgomery	Oct. 22-27
Alvord and North Texas, Alvord	Oct. 2-6
American Institute, New York	Oct. 3, Dec. 8
American Fat Stock show American Dairy Show American Poultry Show American Horse Show	Chicago, Nov. 13-25
Buffalo, Buffalo	Sept. 4-14
Central Fair and horse Show, Keytesville, Mo.	Oct. 2-6
California Mechanics' Institute, San Francisco, Cal	Aug. 7, Sept. 7
California, Sacramento	Sept. 3-15
Colorado, Pueblo	Sept. 2-8
Connecticut, Meriden	Sept. 11-14
Dakota, Dist. 1, Mitchell	Sept. 3-7
Dakota, Dist. 2, Huron	Sept. 18-22
Delaware, Dover	Sept. 24-29
Georgia, Macon	Oct. 10-19
Georgia National Exposition, Augusta	Oct. 10, Nov. 17
Illinois State Fair, Olney	Sept. 24-28
Illinois Poultry Association, Rock Island	Dec. 2-8, Dec. 1
Illinois Poultry and Pet Stock Association, Rockford, Ill	Dec. 3-8
Illinois Wabash Valley Poultry and Pet Stock Association, Mt. Carmel	Dec. 26-29
Kansas, Topeka	Sept. 17-22
Kentucky, Lexington	Aug. 28, Sept. 1
Louisiana, Shreveport	Nov. 5-10
Maine, Lewiston	Sept. 11-14
Maryland, Hagerstown	Sept. 16-19
Massachusetts (Bay State), Springfield	Oct. 4-11
Massachusetts Horticultural, Boston	Sept. 18-21
Minneapolis Industrial, Minneapolis	Aug. 22, Sept. 29
Michigan, Jackson	Sept. 10-14
Minnesota, St. Paul	Sept. 10-15
Minn. Southern, Rochester	Sept 3-8
Mississippi, Jackson	Oct 8-13
Montana, Helena	Aug 20-25
Missouri Inter-state, St. Joe	Sept. 10-15
Nebraska, Lincoln	Sept. 7-14
New England, Worcester	Sept 4-7
New Hampshire Grange, Tilton	Sept 12-14
New Jersey, Waverly	Sept 17-21
New York, Elmira	Sept 17-22
North Carolina, Raleigh	Oct 16-19
Nova Scotia Provincial, Truro	Sept. 26-28
Ohio, Columbus	Sept 4 Oct 19
Ohio Tri-State, Toledo, O	Aug 27-31
Ontario Provincial, Kingston	Sept. 10-15
Ontario Great Central, Hamilton	Sept 17-22
Ontario, Canada's expos'n, Toronto	Sept 10-22
Omaha exposition, Omaha	Sept 3-8
Oregon, Salem	Sept 17-22
Pennsylvania, Philadelphia	Sept 3-15
Pennsylvania, Inter-State Exposition, Williams Grove, Pa	Aug 27-Sept 1
Rhode Island, Providence	Sept 24-28
St. Louis, St. Louis	Oct 1-6
South Carolina, Columbia	Nov 12-16
Sioux City Corn Palace, Sioux City, Ia	Sept 24-Oct 6
Tennessee, Nashville	Sept 22-29
Texas, Dallas	Oct 11-31
Vermont, Burlington	Sept 11-14
Virginia, Richmond	Oct 3-Nov 21
West Virginia, Wheeling	Aug 27-31
Washington T., Spokane Falls	Sept 3-7
Washington T., Walla Walla	Oct 1-6
Wisconsin, Madison	Sept 17-21
Wisconsin Industrial, Racine	Sept 4-7
Wyoming, Cheyenne	Oct 2-6

The above list is taken from the *Prairie Farmer*.

Building a Silo—Two Plans.

It is too late in the season to plant corn for ensilage, but there may be those to who are short of fodder that will find it profitable to make ensilage from the corn which was planted for a grain crop. If so, now is the time to build your silo. From all the estimates and figures we have seen, the average cost of building a silo for fifty to one hundred and fifty tons of ensilage is $1 per ton. The saving on feed the first year will pay this. The first silo built in Illinois was dug, not built. There are those who still claim that dug silos are the best. Dr. W. A. Pratt, of Elgin, who has three, and who is to dig another this fall, is among the number. His soil contains gravel and he needs no tile draining to have his silo dry. He digs his silo seven feet deep, which is high enough to receive the corn (uncut) lengthwise, and to any desired length. After filling he covers with a foot of earth and when cold weather comes adds a little straw. He reports no waste from mould about the sides or bottom. If you wish to build one here are the details given by Hon. Hiram Smith, Sheboygan Falls, of one he has just built to hold 140 tons. It is 20x8x16 feet, inside measure with no partition and is constructed as follows: Trenches are dug in the ground around the outside, 32x22 feet, and the dirt thrown inside. These trenches are filled with cobble stone even with the surface, and a mortar wall one foot high, above the surface of the ground to the top of the silo, of two inch thickness of planks, 2x12 inches. On the silo are placed studs 2x12 inches, sixteen feet long, placed thirty-two inches apart, and toe-nailed to sill with thirty penny steel wire spikes; and at every other stud, fence wire is fastened with staples on the sill and around the top to the opposite side across the silo. This secures the bottom from the lateral pressure of silage. On the top of the plates, ten feet apart, are poles 22 feet long, securely fastened to the plates and to the foot of the rafters, which secures the top from spreading. The studs are sheathed, outside and inside, with cull boards costing $9 per thousand. To this sheathing is put tarred paper inside and clapboards outside. On this paper is put cheap shingles, costing 65 cents per thousand, inside and outside. The shingles are laid five or six inches to the weather, as ordinary roofs are constructed. One of the advantages claimed is that no dampness from the silage can pass through three thickness of shingles to reach the paper beyond, so that when decay comes on it will only come to the shingles, which can be cheaply laid again. Another advantage is, it is the cheapest air-tight structure possible, as a few figures will show. A silo wall 30 feet long and 16 high requires 500 feet cull boards, costing $4.50; 3,000 sixty-five cent shingles, costing $1.95. If the same wall was built as many recommend, with straight edge boards, two thickness, it would require 1,000 feet of boards at $12 per thousand; a saving on one wall of $5.55, or on the four walls $22.20. The studs and the paper costing the same in both cases. The entire cost of the silo will be $140 and its capacity is 144 tons of silage.—*Farm, Field and Stockman.*

Dairy Notes.

Cattle should be fed partly in the barn throughout the season, and not be forced to depend upon pasturage.

Whether allowed to suck the cow or raised by hand, it is an important item to see that the calf is not stunted.

There should be no fooling at milking time. A steady hand, a quiet mouth and a gentle milk stool, will help to fill the pail.

An ordinary milk cow in India is supposed to be doing fairly well when she yields three or four pints of milk daily for a period of six months.

No woman can afford to do the work of making and caring for butter for three cents a pound, which is the usual price charged by factories, and this includes the marketing.

Two prominent hotel proprietors of Springfield, O., have been fined $50 and costs each and sentenced to ten days' imprisonment in jail for using oleomargarine on their tables without posting notice in their dining rooms.

The reasons for keeping the night's and morning's milk separate, are that the hot milk rises the temperature of the cold milk and this causes rapid souring. Any animal substance cooled down to a low temperature, will rapidly taint when the temperature is raised to any considerable degree.

"It cannot be too widely known," writes a medical man, "that cream separated by machinery from pure new milk, before it has cooled, is a full substitute for cod-liver oil and that if, during the cold weather, those who have delicate constitutions which need concentrated nutrition but who cannot overcome the nausea associated with cod-liver oil, will take their dose of cream they will find in most cases, immense and lasting benefit. In several hospitals it has already quite superseded the nauseous oil.

Some people claim that they cannot drink milk without being distressed by it. The *American Analyst* says, the most common reason why milk is not well borne is due to the fact that people drink it too quickly. If a glass of it is swallowed hastily it enters into the stomach and then forms in one solid, curdled mass, difficult of digestion. If, on the other hand, the same quantity is sipped, and three minutes at least are occupied in drinking it, it is so divided upon reaching the stomach that when coagulated, as it must be by the gastric juice, while digestion is going on, instead of being in one hard, condensed mass, upon the outside of which only the digestive fluids can act, it is more in the form of a sponge, and in and out of the entire bulk the gastric juice can play freely and perform its functions.

A Lovejoy for Congress.

PRINC

WASHINGTON NEWS.

THE DOUBTFUL STATES.

General Green B. Raum is Sanguine of Republican Success.

WASHINGTON, July 26.—General Green B. Raum, in speaking of the political situation in the states classed "doubtful" said: "I believe the Republicans can carry all the so called doubtful states, especially Indiana and Connecticut. Connecticut will go Republican because it is a protection state, and Indiana will certainly give General Harrison a good majority. President Cleveland's Fourth of July letter to Tammany Hall shows that he does not wish to be considered as a free trader. He said he was not a free trader, but if he believes in free trade in wool and in certain raw materials the logical outcome would certainly make him nothing but a free trader. Last year $700,000,000 worth of goods and products were imported from Europe and other foreign countries. It came in to compete with our labor and industries and represented cheap labor. I think that the working people will see that protection is their only safety and vote for the Republican candidates."

AFRAID OF M'KINLEY.

The Georgia Democrats do not Want any Light on the Tariff Subject.

WASHINGTON, July 26.—Senator Colquitt, of Georgia, and Representative Stewart, of the Atlanta district, have betrayed in a very curious and striking way their nervousness lest any protection doctrine shall be preached in their state. If there is to be any argument over the tariff question in Georgia they propose that it shall be on the free trade side.

A school of summer instruction has been organized in Georgia on the plan of that at Chautauqua, N. Y. Its grounds are about 20 miles from Atlanta and several thousand people are said to be gathered there now. The managers of the institution recently wrote to Senator Colquitt and Representative Stewart, asking them to invite Speaker Carlisle and Mr. McKinley, of Ohio, to address the educational gathering upon any subjects they might select and at such dates as they might choose. In recordance with this letter the invitation was extended to Mr. Carlisle, and he accepted.

He has chosen for his subject "The History of Federal Taxation and the National Government's Taxing Power," and he will speak on some day after July 26. The invitation, however, was not extended to Major McKinley. Senator Colquitt wrote to the managers of the Georgia Summer Assembly, saying that he thought it "not wise" to invite Mr. McKinley in addition to Mr. Carlisle.

When asked to-day why he did this, Senator Colquitt replied: "I don't want to ask a Republican to address a Democratic meeting in Georgia." In view of the fact that the assembly is purely educational and no way political, this is surprising. The Senator was evidently annoyed that the failure to invite Mr. McKinley was not still a secret. Representative Stewart, who was also asked about the matter, bluffly declared: "We don't want any doggone radicals brought down into our country to talk Yankee protection."

MAY RUSH IT THROUGH.

A Belief That the Senate will Finish its Tariff Bill and Adjourn in Six Weeks.

WASHINGTON, July 26.—The outlook for a greatly protracted session in consequence of last night's Republican conference decision is not so threatening as appears to be generally supposed. The Tariff bill of 1883 was under discussion in the Senate with intermissions for other business less than six weeks.

While there is material in the present situation for an endless debate, there is also a promise that the extreme possibility will not be tested at the end of eight months of continuous session.

It is thought that the committee can complete its bill and its report within a week or ten days. The senate will then probably begin its sessions at 11 o'clock and sit seven hours daily, with evening sessions in addition as the debate proceeds.

The certainty of the result and the difficulty of keeping a quorum of the House together with the Tariff bill before it, after the appropriation bills shall have been disposed of, and more than all else, the increasing heat, give rise to the hope that six or seven weeks hence (if not sooner) the present session will find its record made up and its work done. Moreover, nineteen formal tariff speeches, by exact count, have already been delivered in the Senate.

THE WHISKY TRUST.

The House Committee Examining Witnesses.

WASHINGTON, July 27.—At a meeting of the House committee on Manufactures today Chairman Bacon announced that the committee would proceed to the investigation of the so-called whisky trust, and called J. M. Atherton, of Louisville, Ky., president of the J. M. Atherton company, as the first witness.

The company's headquarters, witness said, were located in Lerue county, Kentucky. It was not engaged in distilling whisky, but in handling the whisky of a number of firms who do a distilling business in their own names.

These firms were Mayfield & Co., Wm. Miller & Co., S. O'Brien & Co., and J. T. Carter, all of whose products is controlled by the J. M. Atherton company under an agreement.

The object of the agreement was to preserve the trade mark of these firms which were regarded as valuable ones. The production of these firms in 1882 was 50,000 barrels, but the product had fallen off. Since that time the yearly production has been from 10,000 to 20,000 barrels.

There were, Mr. Atherton said, two classes of whisky producers in Kentucky—those who made fine Bourbon whiskies, and a number of firms located along the Ohio river who made cheap whiskies, the difference being that the value of the Bourbon or Kentucky whisky depended upon its flavor, and that it had to be aged before being sold, while the other was immediately placed on the market.

There was no business connection between the producers of the one kind of whisky and the producers of the other grades, nor was there any connection between the Kentucky distiller and those who made substantially the same kind of whisky in Pennsylvania and Maryland.

In reply to Mr. Bacon, witness said that most of the large distillers of fine Kentucky whisky entered into an agreement by which they bound themselves to produce no whisky in the fiscal year 1888. Some few large firms refused to sign the agreement. The combined production of these non-signers was estimated at three and a half million dollars.

THE REPUBLICAN BILL.

It Makes a Reduction of 39 Per Cent.—Views of Various Senators on This Important Subject.

WASHINGTON, July 28.—The Senate Finance committee gave no more hearings, and the tariff bill is practically completed, so far as the sub-committee is concerned. It will be ready in a day or two to be laid before the full committee. It makes an average reduction of 39 per cent., one of the framers says, who was against 42 per cent., which is the average of the Mills bill. The new Senate bill contains among other things all the essential features of the under-valuation measure which was recently passed by the Senate. The greater part of the reduction is on sugar and molasses. What to do with this bill has become a very perplexing question wit the Senators.

The fire that has been aimed at them by their own party friends has been so deadly that while a week ago three-fourths of them were lustily shouting for a Republican tariff bill, a clear majority is now considering whether the bill will be cast aside and adjourning Congress, leaving only the Mills bill upon the calendars. Senator Allison, the chairman of the sub-committee engaged in preparing the new bill, was confident a week ago that it would be pressed to a vote even if October 1 should find the Senate still at work. Now he is beginning to hedge by saying that it is not at all certain whether the bill will be considered by the Senate, although he thinks it will be. Those members are reading the riot act to the Senators with effect, but it is not alone the Representatives who are objecting to further tariff legislation.

Many of the senators themselves are belittling the work that is being done and throwing cold water upon the proposition of a Republican bill.

It is probable that there is just a shade of jealousy among the statesmen. It is a fact freely commented upon that John Sherman, who has for years been the backbone of the Finance committee, the oracle to whom his party looked for light on financial questions, is now sitting silent while the younger men do the work, and possibly he thinks that Hendricks, of Rhode Island, is too anxious to pose as a tariff authority and get the main credit for any bill that may be brought forward. Allison wishes to put into it some of the low tariff views entertained by him a few years ago when he clamored for a tariff reduction as radical as that proposed by the Mills bill. Plumb and Chandler, the two hustling politicians of the Senate, think that the party must not make a concession of weakness by doing nothing. They are not particularly anxious about the nature of it. Any bill at all is good enough for them, and they can make political capital out of one as well as the other. Riddleberger, the free lance, is put down as against any bill the Republicans may bring forward, and Davis, of Minnesota, is also very doubtful. Hiscock, being a member of the Finance committee, looks wise these days, although the amount of labor he is doing on the bill will not break down a man with his great constitution.

REPUBLICAN PLAN OF CAMPAIGN.

Committeeman Conger Feels Very Confident—The Fight in Michigan Will be Close.

CHICAGO, July 28.—Col. A. L. Conger, the Republican National committeeman from Ohio, and a member of the Executive committee of the National committee, was at the Grand Pacific Hotel last evening on his way to Minneapolis on matters of private business. He said:

"We have a most excellent organization this year, and we are beginning the serious business of the campaign. As every one knows the principal fight will be in the doubtful states of New York, Indiana, New Jersey and Connecticut. The Democrats are going to try and carry Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota because they think they are free trade states. The fight in Michigan will be a very warm one, and we are going to win it. In New York the country districts are overwhelmingly for protection, and the Democrats are depending upon New York and Brooklyn to carry the state. The workingmen in New city are understanding the tariff question better than they ever did before. They are talking it among themselves. The Republicans are going to have active protection in every locality in town. They are not going to be allowed to slide. We are going to try to carry two or three of the Southern states. Senator Sherman hasn't any sore spots over his not getting the nomination. He is going into this campaign just as cheerfully as though he had never been a candidate. He will make speeches and do everything he can."

IS GEN. BLACK TO RETIRE?

A New Commissioner of Pensions Confidently Expected.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 28.—There is every reason to believe the report that Gen. Black is soon to retire from his place as commissioner of pensions. It is probable, too, that the place will be tendered to Col. W. E. McLean, of Terre Haute, Ind., present deputy commissioner. One of the most intimate friends of the latter, when asked to-day why Mr. McLean had not accepted the Democratic nomination for Congress when a nomination would have been about equivalent to an election, said:

"The truth is Col. McLean expects to be appointed commissioner of pensions upon the retirement of Gen. Black, and he will retire very shortly."

It will be remembered that a statement was published during the Chicago convention to the effect that the President was incensed toward the commissioner because of the active part which he took to secure the Democratic Vice-Presidential nomination at St. Louis. It was stated at that time by an intimate friend of the President that Gen. Black would not long remain in office. Whether the Indiana gentleman is to have the place or not, it is currently believed that Gen. Black will shortly vacate.

REVENUES COLLECTED.

Whisky, Beer and Tobacco Taxes Reach the Enormous Sum of $124,326,474.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 25.—The preliminary report of the operations of the internal revenue bureau shows that the total collections for the past fiscal year were $124,326,474, an increase over last year of $5,489,173. The cost of collection was $3,983,000, being a little over 3 per cent. of the amount collected. Of this year's collections $89,000,000 was from spirits, $30,000,000 from tobacco, $25,000,000 from fermented liquors and $864,000 from oleomargerine. The largest collections were from the Peoria (Ill.) district, being over $18,000,000. The next largest were from the Cincinnati district, being over $10,000,000. Of the $124,000,000 paid, over $30,000,000 was paid from Illinois, $15,000,000 from New York state, $14,000,000 from Kentucky and $12,000,000 from Ohio.

THE TRUST INVESTIGATION.

The House Committee Submits Its Report to That Body.

WASHINGTON, July 30.—The House committee on Manufactures to-day submitted the following report concerning the trust investigation, which was ordered printed.

"The committee on Manufactures respectfully report that, under the authority and direction of a resolution of this House passed on January 25, 1888, they have proceeded to investigate and inquire into the matters and things referred to in said resolution, and having examined witnesses and papers in relation thereto they have been unable to complete such inquiry and investigation, and respectfully report the following resolution with the recommendation that it do pass:

"Your committee further report that the names of various combinations and trusts have been from time to time furnished to your committee, that the number of such combinations is very large, and that your committee, in calling witnesses and taking testimony, proceeded upon the following principles of investigation, to-wit:

First—With relation to trusts or combinations in lines of business which are connected with or use articles in which there exists a competition in our markets between the domestic product and the foreign product imported and durinable under our tariff laws.

Second—With relation to such combinations dealing in articles which are not imported into this country or are not subject to import duties.

Third—With relation to such combinations dealing in articles which are subject to taxation under the internal revenue laws of the United States.

Your committee has particularly directed its inquiry into the methods of, and the extent of the business done or controlled by the sugar trust, the Standard Oil trust, and respectfully submit herewith the testimony taken before it in relation to these two trusts.

In submitting this testimony your committee desire to call the attention of the House to the form of organization of these two trusts. Both are organized upon substantially the same plan. From the testimony it appears that there exists a certain number of corporations organized under the laws of the different states and subject to their control; that these corporations have issued their stock to various individuals, and that these individual stockholders have surrendered their stock to the trustees named in the agreement creating these trusts, and accepted in lieu thereof certificates issued by the trustees named named therein.

The agreements provide that the various corporations whose stock is surrendered to the trustees shall preserve their indentity and carry on their business.

In the sugar trust agreement, the provision is that the several corporations shall maintain their separate organizations, and each shall carry on and conduct its own business.

In the Standard Oil trust agreement it is provided that all property, real and personal, assets and business shall be transferred to and vested in the said several companies.

The duties of the trustees are restricted to the receipt of the dividends declared by the various corporations and the distribution of the aggregate of them to the holders of the trust's certificates pro rata, and to holding and voting upon the stock of the corporation.

The trustees in both cases, upon the stand as witnesses, specifically denied that the trustees, as such, ever do any other business than to receive and distribute these dividends and exercise the only function given to them by the trust agreement—that is, to hold the stock of the various corporations and exercise the right of stockholders in such corporations.

The care with which the trustees avoid making any agreement relating to commodities appears from the testimony as to the arrangement with the oil producers' association in the fall of 1887. The officers of the oil producers' association testified that an agreement was then made with the Standard Oil trust by which five million barrels of oil belonging to the Standard Oil trust was set apart for the benefit of the association, upon its agreeing to curtail the production of crude oil at least seventeen thousand five hundred barrels per diem.

The witnesses undoubtedly understand that their arrangement was with the trustees of the Standard Oil trust, and the written agreement produced and now in evidence, shows that it is made with and is signed by the Standard Oil company of New York, one of companies whose stock is held by the trustees, and that the Standard Oil trust is the trustees thereof, and are not parties to it, nor is either of them responsible for the carrying out of that agreement.

This form of combination was obviously devised for the purpose of relieving the trusts and trustees from the charge of any breach of the conspiracy laws of the various states, or of being a combination to regulate and control the price or production of any commodity; hence they assert that the corporations themselves which control and regulate the price of commodities and the extent of production and have tangible property, remain with their organization intact and distinct, and not in combination with each other; that the stockholders who owned only the stock, and by well settled legal rules had no legal title in the property of the corporations, entered into the agreement and sold this stock in the corporations and accepted in payment trust certificates, and that the trustees receive and hold only the stock of corporations, and have no legal title to any of the property of the corporations and neither buy nor sell anything, nor combine with any one to fix prices or regulate production of any commodity.

THE EMPLOYES LOST MILLIONS.

Some Interesting Figures on the Labor Troubles in New York State.

WASHINGTON, July 31.—The report of the Commissioner of Labor, Carroll D. Wright, upon the strikes and lockouts of the past six years, which have just been issued, gives some interesting statistics concerning labor troubles in the state of New York. Since 1881 there have 9,247 strikes ordered in the state, 8,716 of them by labor organizations. These strikes involved 9,247 establishments, 4,717 of which were closed for an average period of fifteen days. Of the total number of strikes 4,720 succeeded, 753 partly succeeded and 3,739 failed. The total losses to employes aggregated $8,581,784, and that of employers $5,966,421. The sum of $726,696 was raised by labor organizations to aid the strikers.

In these strikes 576,584 employes were involved, and the places of 24,889 strikers were taken by new employes, of whom 4,581 were brought from other places. One thousand five hundred and twenty-eight lockouts were ordered in the same period, closing an equal number of establishments an average period of 22 days. Of these 180 only succeeded, 137 were partly successful, and 1,090 failed entirely. The loss to employes was $3,150,123, to employers $845,262, and $392,316 was raised to support the locked-out employes. Of the total number of strikes occurring during this period, 3,416 were owing to demands for increased wages, while 2,997 were for a reduction in the hours of labor. Of the latter number, 1,752 occurred in the tobacco trade alone.

TO GREET BLAINE.

Preparations at Columbus for a Grand Turn Out.

COLUMBUS, O., July 31.—An official circular issued from the secretary's office of the Ohio Republican League this morning, by authority of President Caldwell, calls on the clubs of the state and Republicans generally to participate in the demonstration to be given in New York, August 8, in honor of the return of James G. Blaine. The idea is to have those intending to take part in the demonstration to assemble in this city and leave for New York not later than August 6. Special arrangements will be made for transportation.

Referring to Mr. Blaine, the *Call* says: "His generally recognized position as the foremost citizen of the republic, his recent unparalleled exhibition of self-denying patriotism and the abuse that has been heaped upon him by the truculent press of England, all these things will invest his reception with a warmth, a vim that will make it a memorable event in the political history of the country."

ROBBED OF MILLIONS.

Shrewd Swindlers Who Have Made Very Handsome Fortunes by Gobbling Uncle Sam's Property.

WASHINGTON, July 31.—According to a letter from Mr. Littlepage, lately employed as an agent of the Treasury department, to the solicitor of the Treasury, dated October 19, 1887, it seems that he was employed "to assist in the prevention and detection of frauds upon the customs revenue." Continuing, he says: "After my several conversations with you I infer that my especial assignment will be to recover such property belonging to the late Confederate states as has been fraudulently or improperly diverted or concealed." In concluding he says: "Above all, I desire that my special assignment shall be kept a profound secret."

In a letter dated November 17, 1887, he says he went to his old home in King William county, Virginia, to examine his old Confederate papers, made and received while in Europe, under the orders of the then Confederate States government, to obtain accurate data. He says he found that in the winter of 1864 he was ordered to the Confederate ship the Texas, alias the Pampeiro. This vessel was built at Glasgow, as a No. 1 sloop-of-war, and was to have received her armament and equipment while lying off the coast of England by another vessel. Captain Henry Sinclair, of the Confederate States navy, superintended the construction of the vessel, her cost being $670,000, all of which was fully paid by the Confederate government.

This vessel, he says, started to sea, but having been reported as a Confederate cruiser, was seized. Capt. Sinclair, rather than carry her through the courts, secured her release by guaranteeing that she should not go into the hands of the Confederacy until they should be certified to for her. He then cleared her, and when, a few months after, the Confederacy collapsed, she was sailing under the same charter. He adds that this vessel was fully paid for by the Confederate government and should belong to the United States. She is still valuable and is now trading between Edinburg and Copenhagen. He adds that there were several other Clyde-built steamers, constructed by the Confederate government similarly disposed of by their agents or captains, which should now belong to the United States.

There were also two powerful rams, built by Laird & Co., on the Mersey, ostensibly for the Chinese government, but inspected and tested by Confederate officers. They were Mr. Littlepage says, manned by the British authorities, and were finally disposed of by the Confederate agents in charge, and are now in the British navy, having recently been seen by Admiral Luce at Bermuda flying the British flag.

Mr. Littlepage also speaks of certain powerful Clyde-built steamers and rams built in France for the Confederate government, and also states that parties who recently visited Captain Sinclair's house found that its linen, crockery, cutlery, etc., bore the letters "C. S. N." which are supposed to have come from the "Texas." He adds that two new Clyde-built steamers, the City of Petersburg and the Old Dominion, which were built for the Confederate government and paid for by it, are now running between Liverpool and Dublin.

Mr. Littlepage files an itemized statement of Confederate property unrecovered by the United States government, amounting to $30,000,000, most of which is in English hands. He estimates that there are $6,000,000 worth in the United States, not including the value of many millions of dollars' worth of cotton belonging to the Confederate government shipped from Brownsville, Galveston and Matamoras since the war.

Congress.

July 24.—Senate—Bills passed: For holding terms of United States courts in Nebraska; in Salina, Kas.; Owensboro, Ky.; Newark, N. J., and Quincy, Ill., and to subdivide the western judicial district of Louisiana. Resolution offered: For the appointment of a committee of seven senators to inquire into and report upon the relations of business and commerce between the United States and Canada, the effect on the commerce and carrying trade of the Canadian system of railways and canals, the prospect of the displacement of any of the American industries by Canadian industries, the number and amount of claims against Great Britain by reason of the violation of the treaty obligations, etc., with power to send for testimony in any part of the United States.

House—Bills passed: Appropriating $200,000 for the erection of a public building in Chicago to be used as an appraiser warehouse; prohibiting the transmission through the mails in transparent envelopes of matter which would be prohibited if painted or written on the outside of the envelope; the conference report on the bill providing for an additional associate justice of the Supreme court of Dakota was agreed to.

July 25.—Senate—Resolution offered: Reciting published statements that the Minneapolis, Sault Ste Marie and Atlantic railway and the Duluth, South Shore and Atlantic railway have passed into the control of the Canadia Pacific Railway company; that these two railways control all the approaches to the bridge over the St. Mary's river on the boundary line between the United States and Canada; that the ownership of that bridge is also in the Canadian Pacific, and that, by virtue of this monopoly, the Canadian Pacific railway (operated in the interest of a foreign government) is able to ignore and defeat the operations of the inter-state commerce bill, and directing the committee on Inter-State Commerce to inquire into these matters, and whether any legislation is necessary to protect the interests of the people of the United States and to prevent the diversion of commerce from its natural and legitimate channels, and to prevent the monopolizing of traffic by a foreign corporation. Bills passed: Making appropriations for naval purposes; appropriating $75,000 for a public building at Allentown, Pa.

House—Bills passed: For holding United States court at Salina, Kas.; to establish a United States land court and provide for a judicial investigation and settlement of private land claims in the Territories of Arizona and New Mexico and the state of Colorado.

July 26.—Senate—The army appropriation bill was considered at length and passed. Mr. Wilson (Md.) spoke in favor of the ratification of the fisheries treaty.

House—Resolution adopted: Providing until September 1 for the support of the army. The Oklahoma bill was then taken up, but no vote was taken.

July 27.—Senate—Fisheries treaty discussed in open executive session; sundry civil appropriation bill discussed without action.

House—Mr. Townshend (Ill.), from the committee on Military Affairs, reported back the army appropriation bill with Senate amendments and it was referred to the committee of the Whole. The House then went into committee of the Whole, Mr. Peckery (Mo.) in the chair, on the private calendar. The committee remained in session all the afternoon considering a dozen private war claims, which were subsequently passed by the House. The House at 5 o'clock took a recess until 8 o'clock, the evening session to be for the consideration of private pension bills.

July 28.—Senate—The civil appropriation bill was considered at length and good progress made. Resolution passed: Continuing the temporary provision for expenses of the government. Pending action on sundry civil bill the Senate adjourned.

House—Bills passed: Making appropriations for certain public buildings. The general deficiency bill was taken up.

Senate.—July 30.—The sundry civil bill was taken up and the time consumed in considering an amendment offered by Mr. Brown, appropriating $250,000 for irrigation of arid lands, which was adopted.

House.—Bill passed: For the erection of a public building at Sioux City, Iowa, at a cost of $150,000. The deficiency appropriation bill was considered. Mr. Dibble presented the conference report on the Omaha public-building bill (fixing the appropriation at $400,000), but before it could be considered the House adjourned.

POLITICAL.

FREE TRADE'S EFFECTS.

President Campbell Says the Glass Trade Will Be Ruined by the Mills Bill.

NEW YORK, July 28.—James Campbell, of Pittsburg, president of the International Window-Glass Makers' association, has sailed for Charleroi, in Belgium, where the association will hold its annual meeting, beginning July 31. He said one object of his visit was to devise some means whereby the window-glass industry of this country should escape the destruction threatened by the Mills bill.

"We can't get protection for our industry at home, so the next best thing is to curtail production abroad so as not to have the country flooded with the product of foreign labor. How I shall succeed I can't say, but I shall bring the subject up in our meeting and urge a satisfactory solution of the problem, so that our American glass-workers shall not be ruined. What do I think of the Mills bill? Why, if the Democratic party's chief desire is to ruin our native American industries it could not have taken a more effectual mode of doing it than by passing this free trade measure. It practically means the death of our business as well as the ruin of many others. Democrats contend that the tariff as arranged by the Republican party is responsible for trusts, among which are included window-glass matters. Mr. Mills made this statement on the floor of the House, but it is utterly without foundation in fact. The Western Union Telegraph company is one of the most gigantic of the largest combinations or trusts in this or any country, and it has swept out all opposition. The Standard Oil company is of the same build, as are many more corporations. The tariff in no way protect them, and how tariff or free trade is in any way responsible for the different combinations that now exist in this country, I am unable to see or understand. Manufacturers, business men and professional men in all walks of life have always combined for the protection of their business or calling, and always will, just as southern members in Congress have always combined for free trade, knowing that they were striking a blow at the prosperity of the north. Their claim is that by putting the negro to work they will force more of the northern men into farming, and by that means give them cheaper living. Then they would get more in exchange from England for their cotton. Mr. Mills' statement that the Democratic party is the true friend of workingmen is not true by any means. Congress makes large appropriations for the improvement of rivers and harbors. Under Republican work is under Democratic administration. You will recollect the large appropriation for the harbor at Houston, Tex., where the present administration has full control of the work. American workmen and Knights of Labor wanted $1.50 a day for working on harbor improvements. They were refused work, and Italians were employed at 75 cents a day while American citizens were walking around idle. Workingmen will vote for the party that will give their labor the protection that is necessary for its existence, and will not ruthlessly throw it open to competition with the miserably poor and hair-clad and starving labor of pauperized Europe, take my word for it. American workingmen will rally to the support of the Republican party in larger numbers than is calculated upon by the leaders of that party."

SHUTTING UP THE FACTORIES.

The Effect of the Mills Bill Already Seen in the East.

NEW YORK, July 30.—The Norfolk and New Brunswick Hosiery company, of New Brunswick, N. Y., shut down Saturday for an indefinite period. Six hundred women and children are out of employment. The mills are of the largest and oldest in the country, and have been among the most profitable of American manufacturing enterprises. Mr. J. D. Carpenter, the president of the company, says the passage of the Mills bill by the House has so affected trade that they cannot find a market for their goods, and further declared that if the Mills bill became a law the hosiery mills would be compelled to close up entirely.

OHIO'S WOOL INTEREST.

The Free Trade Talk Has Caused a Loss to the Farmer of $48,000 in One County.

COSHOCTON, O., July 30.—In 1887 Coshocton county had 132,397 sheep, valued at $262,183. The president's message and the Mills bill have had the effect of reducing the number of sheep to 117,309, valued at $213,991, making a difference in one year of 14,988 sheep, or a reduction in value of $48,192.

All other counties in this congressional district are experiencing the same results. The uncertainty of the wool market, caused by Cleveland's free trade message, is the direct and only cause. A great many wool growers who have always voted the Democratic ticket will vote for Harrison and Morton.

THE WHOLE PLACE WRONG.

Indications That a Volcano Lies Under the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

NEW YORK, July 28.—The investigation touching the navy yard frauds was continued in Brooklyn, under the direction of Paymasters Allen and Loomis and J. Munroe Heiskell, of the department of justice. The utmost secrecy marks the investigation, but among the witnesses so far examined have been Thomas Keenan, Daniel Farrell and Frank Birmingham, of the provisions and clothing department, and Patrick Larkens, of the boiler shop, and several of Storekeeper Loomis's employees. What revelations have been made are only a matter of conjecture, but an official said to-day that there were likely to be some important arrests before it was concluded.

Thomas Shea, a clerk in the supplies department, who was arrested, accused of stealing a barrel of pork, was at his old place in the yard, and it was said that he would be retained until his guilt was established. It is pretty generally believed that both Laird and Shea have made confessions about the manner in which the frauds on the government were carried out, and that there statements are mainly the basis for the present investigation.

United States Marshal Stafford to-day volunteered this statement: "If I were running the yard, I would take the fire department down there, hook everything into the river, wash the whole place out clean and then fill it up with new men.

The Public Debt.

WASHINGTON, July 31.—It is estimated at the treasury department that there has been a decrease of $3,500,000 in the public debt during the month of July. Over $14,000,000 were paid out during the month for pensions.

Called on the President.

WASHINGTON, July 31.—Chief Justice Fuller called at the White House this morning at 11 o'clock and had a short interview with the President. He was accompanied by Secretary Bayard and Associate Justice Harlan.

WEEKLY CROP SUMMARY.

Figures on the Spring Wheat Yield, the Oats and Corn Crop—Ravages of Rust Reported in Wheat.

CHICAGO, July 30.—The following summary of the crop report will appear in this week's issue of the *Farmers' Review*: A summary of the crop reports received from our correspondents this week furnishes interesting information relative to the estimated yield of spring wheat, the estimated yield of oats, the average condition of the corn crop and the actual yield of hay in the different states. It is as follows:

Illinois—Estimated yield of spring wheat, 15 5 7 bushels; estimated yield of oats, 33½ bushels; condition of corn crop, 103 per cent. as compared with the average; yield of hay, average, 1 2-5 tons per acre.

Wisconsin—Spring wheat, 14 bushels; oats, 49 bushels; condition of corn, 92¾ per cent.; hay yield, 1 4-5 tons.

Indiana—Oats, 33 bushels; condition of corn, 104 per cent.; hay yield, 1.06 tons.

Michigan—Spring wheat, 13½ bushels; oats, 32 bushels; condition of corn 83 per cent; hay yield, 1 2-5 tons.

Ohio—Oats, 33¼ bushels; condition of corn, 102 per cent; hay yield, 1½ tons.

Missouri—Oats, 34 bushels; condition of corn, 99 per cent; hay yield, 1½ tons.

Iowa—Spring wheat, 13½ bushels; oats, 34 bushels; condition of corn 96 per cent; hay yield, 1¾ tons.

Minnesota—Spring wheat, 13 bushels; oats, 37 bushels; condition of corn, 91½ per cent; hay yield, 1½ tons.

Kansas—Spring wheat, 16 bushels; oats, 33½ bushels; condition of corn, 100 per cent; hay yield, 1½ tons.

Nebraska—Spring wheat, 15 bushels; oats, 39½ bushels; condition of corn, 97 per cent; hay yield, 1 9-10 tons.

There are complaints of rust in wheat in some districts, while oats are badly laid out in others. Rain is needed for corn and potatoes.

Crop Prospects.

KANSAS CITY, July 31.—The report from Western Kansas to Kansas City commission men are not encouraging. During the last few days a hot wind, a regular sirrocco in fact, has been busy in the western portion of the state. The result is that the corn crop has been badly burned. In the Hutchinson district west of Ellsworth, Great Bend, Lyons and Chase. It is feared the crop will not come up to expectations.

RICH IN SILVER ORE.

Another Find on Deserted Ground—Great Excitement.

SPOKANE FALLS, W. T., July 25.—The discovery of a rich quartz mine six miles from the mouth of Ruby creek and fifty miles from the town of Palouse, in the famous agricultural and blue grass valley of the Palouse, has caused much excitement in that neighborhood.

A small expedition set out for the scene of the discovery and a large quantity of the quartz was brought to Palouse. The assay report gave $7,000 worth of foreign silver, and the wildest excitement soon took possession of the people.

In a short time Palouse was deserted save by the women and children. Returning parties report that fully 500 men are now on the grounds, and little digging brings the happy owner of a mine down upon the shining metal. The section of the new strike lies in the old Salmon diggings, which had a population of 30,000 not many years ago. In those days the placer mines of the neighborhood paid largely, but the district has been entirely deserted. A few Chinamen remained behind and worked over the dirt for a fourth time.

RIFLES AND SHOTGUNS.

The "White Caps" Still Prepared to Make War on the Mormons.

NEW ALBANY, Ind., July 31.—A man who resides in the neighborhood where the two Mormon missionaries were so terribly whipped by the "White Caps," early on the morning of the 28th, was in the city yesterday and gave further particulars of the shocking barbarity of the regulators.

The names of the missionaries who claim to be preachers of the Mormon church are James Fallon and Franklin Aurray. They claim to have spent over a year in missionary work in and near Chicago.

The people in the neighborhood have organized, and are armed with rifles and double-barreled shot guns. A guard is constantly kept at the house where the two men and two women are being cared for, and if the "White Caps" should return there will be bloody work. The defenders of the Mormons and the two women do not believe in Mormonism, but they are rough and courageous backwoodsmen, and declare that no more "White Cap" outrages shall be perpetrated in their neighborhood.

MR. BLAINE'S INTENTIONS.

What He Will Do on His Return and His Opinion of Harrison's Chances.

NEW YORK, July 25.—A special from London quotes Mr. Blaine with saying that he has not made any special plans for speaking during the campaign. He will go to Maine directly after his New York reception. He has made arrangements to speak in New York and Connecticut, but has not yet accepted any western invitations. He denied the story that he was contemplating anything so absurd as the writing of a book about his coaching trip. He remarked that he derived so much benefit from his outdoor life in England and Scotland during the last two months that he intended to keep it up after returning home. He believe that Gen. Harrison will be elected, and upon the issue directly made for him by the President.

HELD FOR TRIAL.

The Three Dynamiters Have Another Hearing at Aurora.

AURORA, Ill., July 31.—Bauereisen, Goding and Koegel, three of the men charged with the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy conspiracy, had another hearing in court yesterday. The only new evidence Bowles gave was that Bauereisen purchased some ammonia and several packages of blue vitriol at a drug store and gave it too him with instructions to go to Mendota and put it in the tanks of several locomotives.

Bowles went to Mendota, but the engines were so closely watched that he had no opportunity to use the stuff. The prisoners were held to bail, Bauereisen in $9,000 on three charges of conspiracy, malicious mischief and unlawful handling of dynamite; Goding in $6,000 on two charges of conspiracy and handing dynamite, and Koegel in $3,000 on the charge handling dynamite.

OFF FOR THE MOUNTAINS.

Indians From the San Carlos Reservation Preparing to Make Trouble—More People Killed.

TUCSON, Ariz., July 31.—Further reports of the trouble on the San Carlos Indian reservation show that the Indians have been stealing cattle and preparing a supply of dried meat preparatory. It is assumed, to an outbreak of hostilities.

When the party went to arrest the hostiles, they opened fire and killed three Indian scouts.

The posse returned the fire, wounding several of the band which immediately left the reservation, followed afterwards by others, all going for the mountains.

THEY WILL NOT SIGN.

Looks Very Much as if the "Land in Severalty Act" was a Failure.

STANDING ROCK AGENCY, Dak., July 30.—The ultimatum of the Indians has been given to the commissioners. The Indians were in counsel all Thursday night and after many speeches every Indian gave his assent to a proposition not to sign the treaty. John Grass was chosen to present the ultimatum to the commissioners, assisted by Gall and other chiefs. Grass referred to former treaties broken by the whites and spoke about the Black Hills treaty.

The Coal Strike.

PITTSBURG, July 31.—In pursuance of a resolution adopted at a meeting on Saturday, the miners of the fourth pool yesterday demanded an advance in wages of 25 cents per 100 bushels. The advance has been refused by all the operators who have been heard from. When this news reached the mines all the employes at once gathered up their tools and went home. They have been getting 2¾ cents per bushel and propose now to stand firm for an increase.

Yellow Fever.

WASHINGTON, July 31.—Surgeon General Hamilton has received word of a new suspicious case at Plant City, Florida, that looks like yellow fever.

He says that the fever at Delaware Breakwater has been confined to those cases taken from the brig Teneriffe.

One of the crew of that vessel died on the 27th instant.

Republican Meetings in South Carolina.

CHARLESTON, S. C., July 31.—A Republican mass meeting was held here last night to ratify the nomination of Harrison and Morton. Congressman Mason, of Illinois; Congressman Taylor, of Ohio, and several lesser lights addressed the meeting, which was the largest Republican meeting held here for several years.

Encouraging reports have been received regarding the crop prospects in Southern Minnesota.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

WILLIAM AND ALEXANDER.

Europe Has 31,000,000 Soldiers Ready to Put Into the Field.

PARIS, July 31.—The visit of the Emperor of Germany to the Czar has knocked over a good many houses of cards. Politicians, urban as well as village, must recommence such structure. Russia covets Constantinople, and other powers besides Austria object to Stamboul being so disposed of. Clearly Bismarck can not woo simultaneously both Polly Peachums. So think the Hungarians. In throwing over Austria and Italy for Russia, Bismarck gives the Czar a free hand in the East, and nips the Franco-Russian alliance. The two Czars could stroke down England by leaving her in possession of Egypt, a leave the British nation intends to take without anyone's permission.

THE ARMED FORCES.

In presence of the alliance between the two northern lights, what would, or could, the rest of Europe do? Few leading technical military journal of France gives a summary of the armies of the six great powers. In 1869 the total number of men on peace footing was 2,190,000 men, and on war footing 9,918,000, representing an expenditure of 2 milliards 279 million francs. Today the armies of peace lot up to 3,092,000 men, of war 16,000,000, and their cost 3 milliards 4000 million francs. Under the new military laws, when every valid man must be a soldier, the total of the war armies will be 31,000,000, or about the one-tenth of the united population of Europe. Does the Alexander exist who, with a handful of men, could sweep away these hordes and give the world peace?

The Comte de Paris has again been making a fool of himself and causing Premier Flouquet to forget the cardinal virtue of Democracy—liberty. The Comte de Paris, in pretender language Phillippe V., concluding he was being forgotten in France, drew up a circular, had it printed here and posted as an ordinary letter. It was addressed to 22,000 out of the 36,000 mayors of France, promising them nothing that they did not at present possess, but reserving the matter for the last trick. The squaring of the budget and the reduction of taxation, till he was on the throne. It was neither better nor worse, neither duller nor gayer than the shoal of political hand bills that periodically strew the country like Vallombrosa leaves, and it would do no more good than his preceding "Tracts for the Times," for it was about as interesting as prize essay, and as unread. His articles on the working classes in the grandmother "Revue des Deux Mondes."

M. Flouquet, without law or good reason, had the batch of letters seized at the post-office, and it is said intends requesting the English government not to allow that heir to the succession of the republic to date his dynastic billets-doux from England. Under the second empire M. de Persigny levied letters without arms, yet he pays bail and peddles papers on the streets. He carries silver and pennies in his boots, and can make change as rapidly as any one, picking out pennies or nickels with his toes. He never makes any mistakes, and can tell the size of a coin by feeling of it with his toes.

Young Mylichreest keeps his feet very clean. It is indeed a strange sight to see him sit at a table with a knife between the toes of one foot and a fork held by the toes of the other foot, as he rapidly cuts up his food and places it in his mouth. During the school vacation this lad can be seen daily driving a horse attached to a heavy wagon loaded with sand or stone, which belongs to his father, William Mylichreest, a builder. The lad holds the reins between his toes, and handles the whip with ease in the same manner. He can throw a stone with considerable force, and is very bright and attractive. In school he stands well in his classes. He is popular with his playmates and the public in general.

THE KNIGHTS LOSING GROUND.

Reports Going to Show a Marked Falling Off in the Membership.

PITTSBURG, July 28.—The election of delegates to the General Ass